National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

MASSACHUSETTS AND VIRGINIA.

It was a favourite topic with Mr. Webster to illustrate the natural alliance of Massachusetts and Virginia, and the circumstances of identity between them in our colonial struggles and in the early history of the Republic. The allusion has been caught up for politicians' purposes, and been repeated until we are heartily sick of it. We have been told over and over again of the two ancient Commonwealths, that so generously cooperated in defence of our colonial liberties; that stood side by side in the Revolutionary struggle; and that shared the first recollections of those glorious times in the names of James Otis and Patrick Henry.

But it would be allowing ourselves to be trifled with by such reflections should we forget the Massachusetts of today in the Massachusetts of the revolutionary era. The despised and degenerate land of Charles Sumner, with its troop of poltroon politicians, and its conclaves of "executive directories" of nigger-worshipping traitors, can have nothing in common with the proud Old Dominion, that has increased in honours with years, and that has never ceased to give to the entire country examples of true patriotism and of obedience to the laws.

Wide differences and sharp contrasts have taken the place of sympathy and ancient friendship existing between these two States of the Union. The Massachusetts of the present day is almost in the relation of open hostility with her ancient ally; nor has she neglected any opportunity to add insult to injury. While threatening us, at this moment, in our dearest rights, she affects to regard "poor old Virginia" with pity and contempt—and this from a whilom sister State, which is wedded to the abominations of Negrophilism, which honours submissive cowardice as martyrdom, and which makes a boast of treason to the Constitution! Truly, we can spare her pity; and for her contempt, we may engage to return that with interest.

Massachusetts, it is true, may have something to boast of that Virginia has not. Her factories, in which her people are enslaved; her free schools, illustrated by the Natick cobbler; and her Emigrant Aid Societies, so nobly vindicated in "the thorough philippic" of Senator Sumner, are institutions peculiar to herself. Virginia does not care to dispute such glories. She might, indeed, prefer her own claims to an infinite superiority, in all respects, over Massachusetts; but she is too proud to indulge so unworthy a vanity. The least that may be said of her is that she has never so degenerated as to abate from her loyalty to the Constitution, or to fail in respect for the rights of her sister States.

On the other hand, how is it with Massachusetts in respect to this sort of degeneracy? We will find an appropriate answer in the threats of invasion from that State, and her conspiracies against the Federal authorities. It is proclaimed, in exchanges which now lie on our table, that Virginia is to be abolitionized despite her will; and it is to be done by pauper banditti of Yankee land, headed by psalm-singing "friendly invaders" from old Worcester. Nor is this all. We are this moment warned of treasonable organizations in Massachusetts, the purpose of which is not only to defy us in our rights, but to assassinate Southern citizens by a secret league, sworn to this office by the most solemn oaths. It was only a few days ago that we published some particulars of the exposure of this secret conspiracy, the resources of which may be judged from the fact that its leaders defy the General Government to capture slaves in the Bay State, outside the range of cannon from the Navy Yard and the Federal forts.

This is the degenerate Massachusetts of the present day—a State which has inflicted every imaginable injury, insult and indignity upon the South, which affects airs of superiority over such States as Virginia and South Carolina, and which threatens us with fire and sword because a single one of her yelping hounds has been struck! Is there no champion of the South, among the sons of Virginia, to repeat the lesson to so arrogant and rebellious a spirit? Or cannot Massachusetts produce another candidate for martyrdom ambitious to wear Mr. Sumner's bloody crown?—*The (Richmond) South.*

LEADERS OF THE BLACK REPUBLICAN PARTY.

From The Detroit Free Press.

There is no denying the fact that Garrison and Wendell Phillips and the Reverend Mr. Higginson and Parker Pillsbury and Burleigh *are the leaders of the Black Republican party.* Understand us, we do not say that they coöperate with the Black Republican party in framing its platforms, bringing out its candidates, and fighting its battles; but they have *led* the Black Republican party up to the mark of its present hostility to the South, disloyalty to the Constitution, and indifference to the perpetuity of the Union. They are, as they have been, considerably in advance of the Black Republican party in their crusade against the South, the Constitution and the Union; and they are considerably in advance of their own positions a few years ago; but the Black Republican party advances as they advance. It stands now where they stood a few years ago, and a few years hence it will stand where they stand now. *They lead the Black Republican party. The Black Republican party follows them.* Ten years ago Garrison was a more conservative man than Seward, or Chase, or Sumner, or Hale is to-day.

To ascertain, then, what will be the attitude of the Black Republican party four or five or six years hence, we have but to acquaint ourselves with the present attitude of Garrison and Phillips and their confederates. This is an easy task, for they are all out-spoken men.

The anniversary meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society has just been held in New York, and was attended, of course, by Garrison and Phillips and the other inevitable men and women who have from the beginning turned up at every anniversary meeting of that Society. We cannot begin to report a tithe of their sayings and doings; nor is it necessary that we should do so for the purpose we have in view. The reproduction of a few of their declarations will disclose to the reader the entire of the platform upon which they to-day stand, and upon which the Black Republican party will stand four or five or six years hence.

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And so on to the end of the chapter. Everything else uttered by these and other speakers was of the same general purport and to the same general point as the remarks we have reported. Such is radical abolitionism at the present hour. *Such will be Black Republicanism before another decade of years shall have passed.* Five years ago, in the year 1852, the party which is now Black Republican adopted resolutions, in National Convention at Philadelphia, upholding the Constitution and all its compromises, *the fugitive slave clause included.* That was but five years ago. To-day the attitude of that party is: "It is written that there is a higher law than the Constitution." What a change in five short years! How rapidly has the Whig party of 1852 followed the lead of Garrison and Phillips and Pillsbury! What a stride from the Whigism of 1852 to the Black Republicanism of 1857! But it is not a greater stride than Black Republicanism will have taken when the year 1862 shall complete another cycle.

Christianity in New England.—We perceive that the religious presses in New England and elsewhere are bewailing the increase of infidelity in the land of the Puritans. The number of backsliders from the faith of the fathers is very great, and the majority belong to the educated and moral classes of the community. Indeed, it appears that the ancient faith is monopolized by the Rev. Mr. Kalloch and men of his stamp. Doubtless this flood of infidelity has been caused by the teachings of the anti-slavery lecturers who have been at work in New England for the last twenty-five years. During that period they have preached opposition to the Bible—opposition to the Church—opposition to Christianity, because all these things seem to countenance slavery in some shape or other. The religious anniversaries are now being held in Boston, but they seem to attract but little public attention. Now, if they could have a representation of a French woman of the town, or a trial of a clergyman for breaking the laws of God and man, we should see all New England in a terrible state of excitement; but the religious anniversaries are very dull moral affairs, and, therefore, not worth notice. We really don't know what will become of New England, unless the modern spiritualists can invoke the spirits of Cotton Mather and his associates to fulminate the good old Calvinistic dogmas from the pulpit of the Old South Church. Yet even then, the sons of the Puritans are in a very bad way; and the sooner the really Christian people leave New England for the West, the better it will be for all hands.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Another Church Abolitionized.—It is a distinction of the Unitarian Church that it abjures all dogmas, and asserts the absolute sufficiency and supremacy of the congregation in matters of faith as well as discipline. And yet, at a recent session of the National Conference of the Unitarian Church, in Alton, Illinois, a formal anti-slavery creed was promulgated for the acceptance of the denomination. The usurpation was resisted by the secession of only a few delegates from St. Louis.

Thus one after another are all the religious associations of the country dissolving under the destroying influence of the anti-slavery agitation. Very soon there will be nothing in common between the North and the South, except the Federal Government. How long can that survive this disruption of all other ties? Unity of Church organization is guaranteed by identity of creed, interest and sympathy, and yet unity of Church yields to a sectional antagonism on the subject of slavery. No obsolete idea of expediency can perpetuate a confederacy among States which want every other element of cohesion.—*The (Richmond) South.*

Selections.

SENTIMENTS OF DR. ROSS TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

[In an old number of the *New York Observer*, dated April 25, 1835, which has just fallen into our hands, we find the following letter from the Rev. Frederick A Ross, D.D., now of Huntsville, Ala., who stands before the world the champion of slavery as a Divine institution. The contrast between the spirit and the sentiments of this letter and those which characterize his recent utterances on the floor of the New School General Assembly and his communications lately addressed to the Rev. Albert Barnes (see Standard of May 2d and May 9th) is very striking. Whether the change is creditable or otherwise either to his head or heart, let the reader decide.—*Eds. Standard.*]

Kingsport, Tenn., Feb. 6th, 1835.

Rev. and very Dear Brother: Your letter to the Cincinnati *Journal* brought to determination my views on slavery. My mind was just in the state to conclude, and act, under the power of congenial sentiments, persuasively used. Your letter came—and my way was open before me. A very intelligent and upright legal gentleman—a man who has thought much on the subject of slavery—said to me, after reading your communication, "More than that, under existing circumstances, I think, is fanaticism. Less than that cannot be Christianity." I felt, in my own case, perfectly satisfied that the last part of this remark was true. You ought, then, to know what I have done; and I send you the measures of emancipation adopted by me last month, in relation to twenty-one slaves. These measures have been thrown into the form of a Will, to secure their fulfilment in the event of my death.

In the eye of the law, I am still the master of slaves. But in the eye of God, I believe I am not. *For I no longer, in conscience and conduct, hold human beings as property. And the authority I may exercise over them, for a limited time, will, I feel assured, be employed supremely for their good.*

My last Will and Testament, as to these servants, is to be fulfilled in conformity with, Measures of Emancipation determined upon, in reference to my slaves, January, 1835. The State of Tennessee forbids the manumission of slaves within its limits. But I can effect a virtual emancipation in this State, by adopting the apprentice system. This system is, in my view, better for the servant than immediate manumission. Its results secure, also, as far as may be possible, the interests of the community into which the liberated slave is to enter. For, during this trial of the servant, he has his master's protection from imposition and injury, to both of which he might be exposed, were he immediately set free. He has the certainty of employment and support—a most important certainty to the poor labourer, and more especially to the free black labourer. He is gradually qualified for perfect legal emancipation. He has the wages of the free white man. He may lay up a little capital with which to begin life, when he must take care of himself. And, while he is thus shielded, secured in employment, acquiring habits of self-government, and paid for his labour, the community is preserved as much as possible from the sudden introduction of those unprepared for freedom, and protected from the entrance of the utterly undeserving. In accomplishing these ends, I think I comply with the word of God, towards the servant and to society. With this view of the subject, I have determined on the apprentice system, in the following form.

I have twenty-one slaves. Ten of these slaves are over and eleven are under twenty-one years of age. From this time until the first of January, 1840, which will be five years, I shall place those over twenty-one on the trial of their freedom in all respects, except that they will be under my authority. As many as may be employed by me I shall pay full wages, and treat as free domestic servants. Those not retained in my service will be permitted to hire themselves to suitable persons, who will give them the remuneration and the usage due to the free. After the 1st Jan., 1840, should they be unwilling to remove, and the laws of the State of Tennessee, or a special act, will suffer it, these servants will be legally manumitted, provided that they, by their upright conduct, under this trial, shall have shown themselves qualified for freedom. In the event they should be willing to make their home in another State permitting their residence, or in a foreign country, then such steps will be taken by me, as may be necessary and proper, to help them to emigrate to such other State or foreign country. If, on another supposition, the State of Tennessee will not permit the emancipation of these servants, and they not wish to go away, in that case they may continue, as before, under the apprentice system, so long as may be thought best for them and their children, unless the circumstances of my family, and estate, or other good causes, should render that course inexpedient, and impose the necessity of their removal. The children, those which may be born during the five years, as well as those which are now mentioned, will be under the care of their parents, subject to my authority. At the termination of five years, should the parents remove, their children not of age (and none will arrive at age during that period) shall go with them, and be embraced in the measures of emancipation taken for the parents, unless the parents, with my advice, should prefer the children to stay and enjoy the means of improvement afforded them until twenty-one years of age.

Should the parents not remove, the children not of age will be, as before, subject to the care of their parents, subordinate to my control. The children which shall attain the age of twenty-one, under my authority, in the ways which have been mentioned, will be emancipated at that age, according to the condition above recited in reference to their parents. Such measures to qualify them for freedom which my circumstances and other duties and obligations will allow me to employ shall be used with the children, so long as they remain under my authority.

The conduct by which legal freedom will be forfeited I shall consider gross and hardened crime, or hopeless immorality, or worthlessness. Those who shall exhibit such characters, in my judgment, ought not to be free. But they will not be debarred from legal freedom for my benefit. I shall derive nothing but sorrow from their failure to attain perfect liberty. In such a result, which I neither look for nor fear, the unworthy will be cut off from the rest, and that disposition be made of the person, or persons, which Christianity will approve.

The security my servants will have that, if they act uprightly during their probation, I will give them legal emancipation will rest on the same conscience whose dictates, I hope, have led me to enter on these measures for their good. And that conscience will be aided by the expectation I shall have created in an enlightened and pious community everywhere, that these measures of emancipation will be faithfully complied with; an expectation I trust I shall have no desire to evade.

So much of these measures in all their parts as may be unfulfilled, should my death occur during their progress, I desire may be carried into complete effect by my executors. And as they will be disinterested, a charity, at least as full as mine, in reference to the qualifications for legal freedom, will surely be felt by them, when called on to decide on the duty of conferring the liberty of the laws on those probationers for manumission.

And I hereby appoint ——— my executors to fulfil this my last Will and Testament, in reference to the servants who may be left under the unaccomplished intentions of these measures of emancipation, &c.

Your principles and my own are thus in practice. I am living under the new order of things. The servants are delighted—better pleased, they assure me, than they would have been with a sudden change to uncontrolled freedom. I hope I have not erred in my duty. Sometimes we are deceived, when we think we have the light of the spirit of God, and the approbation of conscience. If I am wrong, it is under such persuasion and approval of mind.

In Kentucky, you are in advance of us in preparation for measures of emancipation. But if we were not joined politically to West Tennessee, we of East Tennessee would be moving even before you of Kentucky on this subject. Our soundest politicians would at once have their deliberations drawn to incipient measures, were they not restrained by our connection with the other part of the State.

To the south of us there seems to be no desire and no hope for a different state of things. You have read Gov. McDuffie's inangural address before the Legislature of South Carolina. Slavery, in his opinion, is essential to the perpetuity of republican institutions. He exhorts South Carolina then to prepare to become like Sparta—a nation of warriors and Helots. And, if Southern planters could be made Lacedæmonian soldiers—if those masters could be made to cast aside their silken luxuries, and live in a camp—why, forsooth, they might maintain, for an indefinite period, a republican form of government among themselves, provided certain influences within and without should not exist. But these influences will exist, and be too powerful to allow such a government to endure. Christianity did not speak in what Gov. McDuffie would consider the palmy State of Sparta; and surrounding nations did not hold up every day, in the view of Spartan masters, political and moral motives, at war with the spirit which made the Helot and the "ambuscade."

In a recent journey through Georgia and South Carolina, I was struck with two facts, which at first seemed strongly at variance. The one was the great inferiority of the slaves in that region to the same class in East Tennessee, in elevation of spirit and intelligence. The other was, that the Carolina and Georgia slave seemed nevertheless more readily affected by the Gospel than his brother in bondage here. But, on reflection, I thought I saw the agreement of these facts. In that land, where the mind of the African has purposely been kept in the greatest ignorance, the slave is truly a slave. His master is to him a superior being. Every indulgence is like a boon from Heaven. Even the privilege to bear the Gospel is received as a stretch of benevolence. Here, however, where the Bible, aided by many circumstances, has wakened the whole lump, and raised the servant to a just knowledge of his situation, the tone of feeling towards the Gospel is very different. When invited to attend the means of religious instruction, the sentiment of the slave, expressed in conduct, and sometimes in word, runs thus—Give me freedom first, and then tell me of faith in Jesus Christ, and of obedience to his will. The inference is plain. The Bible teaches the slave his rights. You must then give them to him, or he will be prone to treat the word of life, *in the hands of his masters,* with neglect and contempt.

Let our prayers, dear brother, be unceasing, that the truth, on this great subject, may be clearly seen and faithfully obeyed. Respectfully and affectionately,

Your brother in the Lord, Fred. A. Ross.

Rev. John C. Young, Danville, Ky.

THE FILIBUSTER'S RETURN.

From The Evening Post.

General William Walker has come back again. Taking advantage of a United States vessel, which was providently stationed by our government for the emergency in one of the pacific harbours of Nicaragua, Walker and the two hundred and sixty men, the sole remnant of his five thousand American recruits, have not only escaped from the natives and Costa Ricans, who had driven them from their shore, but, we presume, got a free passage home at the expense of the United States.

We see by the telegraphic reports that considerable excitement was occasioned by his entrance into New Orleans. Receptions and banquets will doubtless be given him to his heart's content, with the vain hope of deafening the public ear to the execrations, deep and loud, which await him from the friends and families of his deluded followers, whose bleaching bones are among the most significant trophies which he has left to commemorate his mad and selfish career. If the ghosts of those unfortunate victims do not rise up and sit beside him in the festivities with which it is now attempted to cover his retreat, he must possess a stolidity of temperament which should banish him from the sympathies of his race.

Two years ago, in the month of June, the brig Vesta arrived at San Juan del Sur with Walker and his fifty-six followers. Their entrance into Nicaragua was hailed by a large number of the people, or rather of the revolutionary leaders, with whom, for a time, they coöperated to subdue the legitimists. After a few skirmishes, Walker easily assumed the military command of the forces under the new government, but he soon began to display a proclivity for plundering, and an unscrupulous exercise of power, from which his friends suffered more than his foes. The consequence was, that his Nicaragua supporters revolted, and his cabinet were only too glad to throw up their offices, leaving him nominally dictator of the country. Since that time he has lived like a bandit, preying upon the possessions of a people who, spiritless as they are, would not recognise his authority, and deriving occasionally some supplies from the contributions which the folly of fillibustering speculators or the immature enthusiasm of their dupes in our seabord cities could furnish. At last, however, it appears the resources of a country already depleted, as well as the cash of his friends in the United States, gave out. The dictator, with a recklessness which grew with the desperate urgency of his condition, quarrelled even with the steamship capitalists on whom he relied for recruits; one or two spasmodic efforts followed to resuscitate his fortunes, but in vain—his men died from want, deserted or died from disease more than from the bullets of the enemy, who preferred to surround and worry rather than to fight him to death, and we dare say the fillibuster chief is thankful enough to escape with a whole skin.

What his fate may be in this country, it is impossible to conjecture. It is not at all probable that he will resume the undertaking of establishing a slave empire in Central America, after his disastrous experiments in Nicaragua and Sonora. He undoubtedly has something to fear at the hands of his fellow-citizens in the United States whose property and interests have suffered from his depredations, and we should not be surprised to see him as anxious to leave our shores as some of his late recruits were to leave his. We hope, however, that our government will not so far imitate his policy as to impress the same restraint upon his emigration to which his state necessities led him to subject others when they were so unfortunate as to enter his domains.

While a portion of the community, more ardent than well advised, are paying homage to the returned fillibuster chief, it may be well to inquire a little into the nature of his claims to such public consideration.

It is ordinarily to be presumed that distinguished services to some popular cause furnish the only title to popular regard. Has General Walker, or have any of his associates, in their recent doings in Nicaragua, done anything which merits extraordinary honour from the people?

In the first place, he has plundered, without mercy or recompense, the property of American residents in Nicaragua. He has restrained American citizens of their liberty, refusing to allow their exit from his hateful domains, even when the interests, not of themselves alone, but their dependent families, urgently required it. Travellers, his own fellow-countrymen, while peaceably attempting to cross the Isthmus, on their journey to the United States, have been forced into his service, and, while suffering everything short of absolute death, have in vain besought the dictator for permission to rejoin their friends. Poor labouring men, whose families at home were actually destitute in consequence of their absence, have, with tears in their eyes, entreated him for a passport, but were refused. Does this constitute a claim on the admiration of our citizens?

Was there anything deserving of special honour in decoying poor labourers, under specious promise of reward, into a country where they could not earn their salt, merely to help a few monopolizing speculators to secure possession of lands which did not belong to them?

Again: Do the poor men of this city, for example, owe any gratitude to one who, while pretending to fight for the extension of republican freedom, wished them to sacrifice their lives to build up an empire of slaveholding proprietors, and whose first act after his establishment in power was the exclusion of free labour by a decree for the opening of the African slave trade?

We hope Alderman William Wilson, Captain Creighton, and other fillibustering friends of the "hard-fisted" population of New York, will answer these questions, before extending a public welcome to their returning chief.

There are some points in the narrative of the escape of Walker from the scene of his misdeeds which deserve special attention, as implicating both the late and the present Administrations in a violation of our neutrality obligations. None can doubt that Walker and his associate marauders of a territory with which our government is at peace, if they did not subject themselves to the penalty of our laws, had at least absolved this government from any obligation to protect them as citizens; and yet here is Captain Davis, a naval officer of the United States, and acting, as he says, under orders from the Federal Government, keeping his vessels conveniently near the scene of hostilities for the purpose of rescuing the fillibusters from the consequences of defeat. Just as soon as their case becomes hopeless, he intervenes, takes the retreating invaders under his protection, and carries them on their homeward passage at the expense of his government.

Now, either Walker and his invaders were citizens of the United States or they were not. If they were not, he should have left them to the chances of war. If they were, why did not Captain Davis interfere to stop their outrages while there was yet some prospect of their success against Costa Rica, a country with which we are at peace, and to which we owe the usual duty of neutrality, viz.: to restrain our citizens from unlawful aggression? Why, we ask, did he not at once arrest and bring home the fillibusters as prisoners amenable to the violated laws of their country? The answer is, simply, that our government, through the action of the Pierce and Buchanan Administrations, has been committed to the cause of the fillibusters, and stands before the world as accessory to the most reprehensible violation of international rights which has ever disgraced its annals.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

[The Conference, on the second day of its session, took up for discussion the question, "How can the Churches connected with the Conference most efficiently promote the great moral and social reforms which are needed to bring society up to the Christian standard?" The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, of Cincinnati, having introduced the series of resolutions on slavery which were published in last week's Standard, delivered an address, which is thus reported in the *Christian Inquirer.*]

SPEECH OF MR. CONWAY.

Mr. Conway said: Mr. Chairman, when the news reached us that the resolutions at Chicago were rejected—

Mr. Eliot—They were laid on the table.

Mr. Haley—They were withdrawn.

Mr. Conway—I don't care what was done with them. They were not passed—that is enough. And when the news of this reached us, I, for one, and I have found since many of my brothers in the ministry were filled with dismay and sadness. Anxiously, carefully trying to do our duty on this most difficult point, instead of finding help from that Convention, we were paralyzed by the misrepresentation of the Church which occurred there. I have no hesitation in saying that it was another of many elements brought to bear upon our Washington Church until it fell. The opposition there became emboldened by the impression that I was not endorsed in my public reprobation of slavery by even Northern ministers, and that I was an eccentric on that subject, not fairly representing the spirit of Liberal Christianity. I well remember that the action there was cast in my face, on the very Sunday morning when the *Inquirer* brought the tidings, by those who wished to silence me on the subject of slavery, that being the day on which I felt it my duty to refer to the assault on Sumner. The same, I am told, was done toward Mr. Mumford, of Detroit, and many others.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I ask this Conference if it is fair that this should be the posture of this Conference before the world? Is every assembly, Presbyterian or Diocesan, to lead, in this, the faith which, it is our proud claim, has ever been in the vanguard of Freedom? Are we willing to rest under the imputations which were the manifest echoes of that Conference?

The true influence of our best men is liable to be compromised by this silence of the Conference, and even wrested for purposes against the whole tenour of their lives and ministry. Take the example of Dr. Eliot. We all know the Eliots. I know many of them, though I have not met with this gentleman before, and we all know that they are friends of Freedom. It could not this moment enter the minds of any who favour the passage of these resolutions that Dr. Eliot is any less anti-slavery than themselves; and yet, sir, that man has been held up, time and again, at Washington, as a rebuke to me, as an instance of a clergyman of celebrity, in about my own latitude, who was opposed to "politics in the pulpit," as the cant goes. In vain could I protest that it was not so, that Dr. Eliot did not ignore such matters; I must be mistaken, and there is no record of such a thing. I ask you, Mr. Chairman, I ask that gentleman if this is fair; if the lights of the Church should be brought to illustrate the path of wrong in its strides over this land? And are we not to a great extent responsible for such perversion?

I must insist, sir, that the time has come when the Conference cannot be just to itself and its rightful work unless it is outspoken and clear on this topic. I cannot see what is in the way. Surely any organized assembly can do what a majority sees fit and right, unless it be against its constitution or laws. It is not contended that there is any law against the passage of resolutions. Where is the difficulty, then? Are we to apprehend danger to our Churches and their influence in the slave States? Ah, friends, is it not time that the old Protestant spirit should breathe upon us again; such a spirit as animated Dr. Martin Luther when travelling on to Worms, not knowing but that it was to the stake. Hear that cheerful voice on the lonely highroad burst forth into his favourite Psalm, "*Eine feste burg is unser Gott.*" Have we not forgotten too much that those who put their trust in Him by unswerving devotion to his truth and justice do surely enter that stronghold; do place themselves and their churches in the only possible position where they are impregnable and safe? Let us remember well the good old proverbs, that *honesty is the best policy;* that *right never wronged any man;* and that in doing right we place ourselves under the unfailing protection of the God who owns and protects the right. Thus alone can any growth and strength of a Church worthy the name exist; all other is a sham.

I did not wish, sir, to lead in this matter; but I did not wish our time, of which we have little enough here, to be wasted by longer hesitation and silence. But I must insist on these resolutions or something else which shall place our Conference on the right side. And, as I thus offer them, there rise up before me the forms of those poor, degraded beings whom I have seen around me in childhood and youth; the ignorant, debased, wronged slaves, reaching out their trembling hands unconsciously in silent, heart-cutting appeal for help—help in the name of their humanity, their destiny, their God; and with them rise up before me all the scenes of cruelty and oppression, of inhumanity and neglect which I have witnessed, and they smile on me only when I insist on these propositions, and would turn away weeping should I withdraw them. I fear to do it, notwithstanding the complaints of those who would hold us to any arbitrary or unwarranted usage.

I also see the crushing power with which this evil, against which we remonstrate, coiled about that dear Washington Church. How free hearts could be hindered from their free pulsations by little, contemptible pettifoggers or pot-house politicians, who, having wormed their way into power, could ask men, in their daily business relations with them, on which perhaps the very bread of their children depended, "What have you done with your abolition preacher?" I have before me the chill, the tyranny, the guilt which mark the progress of Slavery over its bloody path to the bloody throne on which it is now seated, and I say that no danger of Churches, no divisions of congregations, no disruption of Conferences should appal us like these.

SPEECH OF REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, said: My brother Eliot can do more with two words than most men by talking fifteen minutes; and brother Eliot's expression about our having our talk "bottled up" has nearly prevented me from speaking. But I do not think I have kept my opinions on this point "bottled up." The cork has been out of the bottle for a good many years, and there is little danger of explosion. That phrase does not, therefore, touch me, and I can go on.

My friend Judge Treat, of St. Louis, says this is a political question, and tells us to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. I agree with him that we ought so to do. But I do not think that the African race belongs to Cæsar. I think it belongs to God. My reason for taking an interest, as a Christian, in slavery is just this: that Cæsar has got hold of something which belongs to God, and Cæsar ought to give it up.

My friend says we ought not to discuss these abstract questions. I think so too. I have no wish to discuss abstract questions. If slavery were an abstraction, I should not wish to discuss it. I am by no means opposed to slavery in the abstract. It is *concrete* slavery which I hate—slavery here in America, so very positive and real, which deprives four millions of men of every right. This is what I oppose, not an abstraction.

Slavery is both a moral *and* a political question. If Christians, as such, must not discuss moral questions, which are also political, then in Burmah we must not discuss idolatry, nor in India polytheism.

I don't like, I never did like, to hear this question made a question between North and South. It is not so. There are pro-slavery men at the North and at the South. There are anti-slavery men at the South and at the North. I am opposed to those who defend slavery, not to the South. It is a Northern question. We have at the North such men as Dr. Nehemiah Adams, Bishop Hopkins, and President Lord, who defend slavery through thick and thin, and I wish it to be understood that Unitarians, North and South, do not agree with them.

We are all agreed on the main point; the only question is, how ought we to act? This Conference is agreed that love to men is as essential as love to God. This Conference does not believe in human slavery. Shall it not say so? Why not? Because it is a private meeting of Christian friends? It is not so. The moment you meet together as a Conference, you step out of privacy into publicity, and you are bound by a public obligation as well as a private one.

Last year your action at Chicago did great harm. It was misunderstood. It went forth as a pro-slavery action, to encourage the oppressor and to discourage the friends of the slave. Can you not set this right, in *some* way, by *some* kind of action? That is all. I believe that you *can* do so; and if you can, you *ought* to do so. I know that these Southern Churches are as much in favour of freedom as the Northern Churches are. Why, then, be misunderstood? Why not say so?

[The subject was subsequently referred to a Committee, whose report was published in The Standard last week. When the Report was under consideration, Wayman Crow, Esq., moved the postponement of the whole subject for one year. He thought time and deliberation would show to the Conference the propriety of dismissing any thoughts of legislation upon this vexed question. Upon this Mr. Conway spoke again.]

SECOND SPEECH OF MR. CONWAY.

Mr. Conway hated to oppose a motion so courteously made, and with the evident design of casting oil on these troubled waters. He did not think, however, that anything could be accomplished by such postponement. By evading the fair decision of this question now we would only draw the attention of the world to our hesitancy and timidity. A postponement could only make darkness visible. This is no time for postponement. Slavery does not postpone its action, nor can we.

He thought that those who supported this Report had a right to complain of intolerance. They had duties of a most important kind in that body, which they thought they ought to perform. Objection is made on grounds of professed usage. When gentlemen are asked to place their fingers on anything in the Constitution of the Conference which prohibits such action or justifies such usage, they are silent. And yet it is asserted with bitterness and sneers that we have no right to take such action. Assertion is much easier than proof. Then the objection is raised that this would be a Conference empowered to make platforms and creeds. To obviate any misconstruction of that kind, the resolution form is withdrawn, and a Committee makes a Report, in which the idea of prescription to Churches is openly disclaimed. The form is beyond the cavil of the most sensitive Congregationalism. All are declared free. And it is because, when this ground of opposition is removed, the opposition continues, that he thought the supporters of the Report had a right to complain. Do gentlemen wish it to be generally supposed that such is not the sentiment of the Conference, when it is? They had, so as not to press harder on critical points than necessary, put the sentiment in the simplest form, and down to the lowest water-mark, which would place them on the side of the right in this controversy. They had not yielded the principle of the moral wrong of slavery, because that was the point they cared for, being the answer they wished to give to those who called preaching on these subjects *political preaching.* The particular points in the first resolutions might be dealt with as well in their respective pulpits, when once it was decided that the pulpit is the place for them. Mr. Eliot tells us that he has spoken much more strongly than that Report speaks in his pulpit more than a hundred times, which is many more times than he (Mr. Conway) had ever alluded to the subject in his pulpit; not more than once in six months did he preach about slavery, unless through some national crime it stalked into his pulpit. Now, then, what is the objection to adopting this Report, which it is known is contradicted by no heart or mind in the Conference?

It must be felt by all there that, in the present state of this country, no public assembly could meet at all without by silence or voice supporting or assailing slavery. Third alternatives are not allowed: whoso is not against it is for it. This is the attitude of this Conference. It stands in the midst of great crimes, with a power against them which it hesitates to exercise. God has placed a word on their hearts which the lips suppress; a thunderbolt in their hands which they refuse to hurl! Can we justify ourselves in faltering here by any talk of usage, when it is known that no precedent can bind the will of a majority, and that no usage should arrest the dictates of duty? Would it not be manlier, better every way, that we should sustain a true position toward the world for which our Churches exist, on this momentous moral question, even if we must burst this straight-jacket to tatters which some seem to think is fastened on us?

[The motion for a postponement was rejected, and the Report—a lame apology for refusing to pass Mr. Conway's resolutions (see Standard of last week)—was adopted. The correspondent of the *Christian Inquirer* makes the following statement.]

The course of events was thus: Early in the Conference, Mr. Conway, of Cincinnati, offered strong resolutions on the subject of slavery, denouncing its attacks on freedom, and urging opposition to it as a Christian duty. The resolutions were no doubt strong, and in parts were objectionable to many members; so that if they had passed, it would have been against a decided opposition. But even these resolutions did not do what the mendacious telegraph reports—they did *not* denounce the Constitution or the Union. Mr. Conway and others urged their passage, on the ground that the Unitarian Conference at Chicago last year had put itself and the Unitarian Churches in a false position—that, by refusing to pass some anti-slavery resolutions then, they had weakened the position of Unitarians everywhere, and had brought disgrace on our denomination. For this and other reasons, it was argued that some anti-slavery action was now demanded. To this it was replied by Mr. Eliot, of St. Louis, and by some others, that the Conference was originally formed not to take action on questions of this kind, but simply to confer, debate, discuss questions interesting to the Churches, and to act on practical matters. The other side rejoined that they knew of no such understanding; and that, at all events, the Conference was fully competent to pass resolutions, if it thought best to do so.

The discussion lasted all day. Toward its close, when there seemed little chance of harmony, the Moderator, Mr. Wm. Greene, of Cincinnati, suggested that a Committee be appointed to take the whole matter in charge, and report the next morning. One of the Committee was Mr. Heywood, of Louisville, who drew up a report, which was adopted as their own by this Committee; Mr. Conway, who was on the Committee, withdrawing his resolutions in favour of Mr. Heywood's report. The substance of this report was that the Conference considered slavery to be a wrong and an evil, at the same time disclaiming authority over the action of the Churches. The members of the Conference, who wished for *some* anti-slavery declaration, accepted this very modest and moderate one; because they did not ask for strong language, but merely for the assertion of a principle. They only asked the Conference to say distinctly that it was not in favour of slavery, but opposed to it; and such anti-slavery men as Mr. S. J. May, Mr. Conway and Mr. Mumford were contented with this statement.

Mr. Eliot, of St. Louis, however, though concurring entirely with the substance of the Report, was opposed to anything being passed; and it was on this ground that he withdrew before the question was put. Judge Treat, of St. Louis, also withdrew, but no others; and Mr. Staples, the colleague of Mr. Eliot, declared his intention of not withdrawing. Of course, the whole Conference was saddened by this action of Mr. Eliot; nevertheless, we could do nothing about it. The Report was adopted by a large majority. Shawmut.

THE NEW SCHOOL GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 26, 1857.

In looking over the Presbyterian General Assembly now convened in this city, I am struck with the unprecedented predominance of young and middle-aged men. There are fewer old men even than belonged to the Assembly two years ago at St. Louis. The Assembly has some new and able members, who are certain to be heard before the week is out. Among some 224 Commissioners there are only eleven "Doctors of Divinity," although there are a goodly number beside who, to say the least, deserve the doctorate. Among the leading men on the Southern side, Dr. Ross is the ostensible leader, but it is doubtful whether he will exert as much influence (by reason of prejudices excited against him by his truly shocking letter) as some younger men from the South. The Rev. Mr. Handy, of Portsmouth, Va., is a pleasant speaker, and a man of very fine spirit, and will be felt on this slavery question. There is an Elder from the same Presbytery, Mr. P. R. Grattan, who also promises well. Dr. Ross will make the long speech, but such men as I have alluded to will exert more influence in the body.

The Northern anti-slavery men stand in great need of a leader, and are likely to show their defect. The only man who was able to act as a leader has failed in the outset. Dr. Allen is a man of unquestioned ability, but he allowed a member of his Committee to get up the Report referred to in my last letter, which was written with a special reference to pleasing the South. Instead of staving off that report, as he might have done by a minority report, he acquiesced in the one already presented, and thus allowed his hands to be tied. It remains to be seen whether he can disentangle himself from this false position. Among the laymen on that side of the question may be named a lawyer, Harvey K. Clarke, of Detroit, who has already given signs of ability in debate, and is likely to be heard on this question. There are other clerical and lay Commissioners who will speak well, but as yet I do not see the man who is fitted by natural gifts and by experience to be a leader. Circumstances may call out such an one and invest him with the insignia of office, but as yet he does not make his appearance. Hence the Southern gentlemen are more at home, having as an advising counsel, always present, their ablest man, Dr. Boyd, of Winchester, Va., although not a member of the Assembly.

The following is a copy of the Report made yesterday by the Rev. Dr. Allen, and which has excited such surprise and chagrin in the minds of a great majority of its members. Frederick A. Ross or John C. Calhoun could have no very serious objections to it:

REPORT.

The Committee of Bills and Overtures would report to the General Assembly that 27 memorials have been placed in their hands on the subject of Slavery. These memorials came from the following localities: Ohio 11, Illinois 4, Indiana 3, Michigan 2, Iowa 1, Wisconsin 1, New York 3, Pennsylvania 1, Mississippi 1. They show that so strong a feeling exists on this subject as to make it proper that the Assembly should express its views in regard to it.

The opinions of the Presbyterian Church in respect to slavery are on record. Had there been no impression on the minds of our Churches that opinions different from those formerly held are now maintained and defended among our people, there might have seemed to be little occasion to do more than to refer to the recorded views of the General Assembly, and to its uniform current of testimony on this subject. But as it appears that such opinions exist, the Assembly hereby reaffirm the views heretofore set forth as to the character of slavery.

It appears from the papers sent up to this Assembly that an impression is wide-spread that it is now held and taught within the bounds of the Presbyterian Church that

just as it happens. According to his (Dr. Ross's) plain way of thinking, his old Virginian way is pure and unmitigated *nonsense*. He wanted something better than this from the Assembly *this* time (laughter). The resolutions are absurd and nonsensical. Judge Jessup, he said, made a great speech on them in the last Assembly. After he (Judge Jessup) got through, he (Dr. Ross) got up, and, looking the Judge straight in the face, said to him: "Judge, do you admit that, according to the Detroit resolutions, Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina, may hold 3,000 slaves?" The Judge started as if a horse had seen a lion in the path! (Laughter.) He turned pale, and said: "I don't think he could hold *so many*" (laughter). "Well, Judge, *how many* can he hold?" The Judge replied, magnanimously: "I believe he can hold the 3,000." That one single question shivered to atoms the whole of the Detroit resolutions! *Of course*, then, said he, those resolutions are nothing but "stultified abstractions!"

After this statement of his views, the Doctor concluded his remarks with his inevitable and characteristic allusion to the "eternal right and wrong in the nature of things," and took his seat with an air of considerable satisfaction—to the audience.

After the speech of the member from Huntsville, a resolution (introduced yesterday, but lost) was again brought up—to call the roll of Presbyterics, for the purpose of giving opportunity to each to speak in order, and then to refer the subject to a Select Committee of thirteen, to report a plan of action to the Assembly. A debate on this resolution immediately "came in like a flood," and swamped the main question, and held its head under water for the remainder of the afternoon. It is not drowned out, however, and will eventually come up above the surface to-morrow.

The result of the afternoon's debate was comparatively nothing. The hour of adjournment arrived and cut short the discussion without a vote.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

CLEVELAND, O., May, 28, 1857.

THE usual *formula* of "approving the records" of the different Synods, which is usually the most placid business in the world, gave rise at this morning's session to an animated debate, which shows where the feelings of the Assembly are fixed. The Committee on the Records of the Synod of Kentucky reported in terms of disapprobation that the records of that body contained one paper which expressed censure on the "General Assembly's agitation on the subject of Slavery" as "unjust and oppressive." This brought the Rev. Mr. Dickerson of that Synod to his feet to assert in the strongest terms the right of the Synod to say what they had. The Assembly indorsed this right of the lower judicatory by a large majority.

Things went on quite swimmingly until the Committee on the Records of the Synod of Mississippi reported, recommending their approval as far as written. This brought out a motion from Mr. ROE LOCKWOOD, of New York, an elder in the Mercer street Church, that the Committee's report be postponed until a future time, alleging as a reason that it was *possible* that this Assembly may adopt measures looking toward the discipline of slaveholding Churches; and, as the Presbytery of Lexington South had openly avowed that its ministers and members do hold slaves, if we approve the records of the Synod to which that Presbytery belongs, it would be used as an estoppel to all proceedings against them.

Mr. LOCKWOOD was called to order, but said he wished to read two extracts as reasons for postponing the motion to approve the records of that Synod. The first was an extract from the speech delivered by the Rev. Robert McLane of Lexington South Presbytery, in which he said that he and other ministers in that Presbytery held as many slaves as they could, and they did it for purposes of gain.

Mr. PERKINS, of Philadelphia, called Mr. Lockwood to order to prevent the reading the extract. The MODERATOR ruled Mr. L. to be in order, and Mr. PERKINS appealed from the decision. The house, by an immense majority, sustained the Chair, and Mr. Lockwood proceeded to read the sentences from Mr. McLane's speech already alluded to. He also read some resolutions passed by the Lexington South Presbytery on the occasion of the death of the Rev. Mr. Holley. This gentleman avowed, on the floor of the Assembly, last year, that he held slaves because he believed the Bible gave him the right to do so. Some Western Presbytery tabled charges against him for that avowal. After his decease, his co-presbyters avowed his sentiments in form, and called on his prosecutors to transfer their charges from the dead to the living.

Mr. LOCKWOOD said there were good reasons why, for the present, the Assembly should postpone any approval of the Mississippi Synodical records. His remarks were made in a candid spirit, and they evidently excited heat in the minds of both Northern and Southern members. It seems a pity that these side issues should be allowed to divert the attention of the Assembly from the main issue. This issue ought to be reached while the Assembly is full, for scores will leave by Saturday. This is an unfortunate fact, that this vital question should be put off as long as it has been. No doubt the Assembly is now on the point of taking up the subject; but now it is Thursday afternoon, and an Assembly of two hundred and twenty or thirty men to speak, and every one of them surcharged with enough lightning to supply the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph for one season at least!

At the opening of the afternoon session, the motion to postpone the resolution approving the minutes of the Synod of Mississippi was called up. After some remarks by the Rev. G. S. WHITE, of Tennessee, the previous question was ordered, on motion of Mr. Hastings, of Albany, and the motion to postpone was carried.

The Slavery report was called up, and the Hon. W. P. CUTLER, of Ohio, moved to postpone that report, in order to move the following substitute:

MR. CUTLER'S SUBSTITUTE.

The General Assembly, in view of the memorials presented, and under a deep sense of responsibility to God and the Church, feel called upon to take the following *action*.

We do hereby explicitly condemn the doctrine that slavery is sanctioned by the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as a fundamental error with which we have no sympathy or fellowship.

And whereas the Presbytery of Lexington South has forwarded to this Assembly a memorial containing the following words, "There are ministers of this Presbytery who are slaveholders, holding slaves under the belief that, according to the Bible, it is right, and also nearly all the ruling elders of the Churches under the care of this Presbytery are slaveholders, believing it to be, according to the Old and New Testament Scriptures right—while a large majority of the members, who are property-holders, are slaveholders, believing that it is right," while offering qualifying explanations of their language, the Presbytery have assumed the responsibility of sustaining such ministers and elders in their position. This Assembly are constrained in the exercise of its power of reproving, warning and bearing testimony against error in doctrine, or immorality in practice, in any Church, Presbytery or Synod, to disapprove and condemn the position which is thus assumed by the Presbytery of Lexington South, as one which is not only unscriptural, but utterly opposed to the convictions of our Church, and calculated to mar its peace and seriously hinder its prosperity, as well as to bring reproach upon our holy religion.

This Assembly do hereby call on the Presbytery of Lexington South to review and rectify their position; and in case the Presbytery shall neglect to comply with this request, the Synod of Mississippi is directed to take cognizance of the case at its earliest convenience.

CLEVELAND, May 29, 1857.

THIS morning the Slavery report came up under Mr. Cutler's motion to postpone it to take up his substitute.

Mr. Guthrie, of Putnam, yielded the floor to Mr. Wallace for an explanation, and to the Rev. Thomas H. McLellan, of Kentucky, to read the following definition of their opinions and position as held by the Southern members of the Assembly:

"POSITION OF THE SOUTHERN CHURCHES UPON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

"We do not believe that the system of American slavery, as an appointment of God, stands precisely, in all respects, upon the same footing with the family relation—with that of husband and wife, parent and child.

"But, upon the contrary, this system differs from the family relation both with respect to the date of its origin, the nearness and sacredness of its relations, the nature of its peculiar obligations, the design and length of its continuation.

"The relation of master and slave did not exist from the beginning, as did the family relation, nor do we believe that it will continue to the end.

"But slavery does exist by Divine ordination and recognition for wise purposes, to be overruled for His glory, in the elevation, civilization and final redemption of the African race. Sin cannot be predicated of the relation itself, but of the abuse of that relation. It stands in the same category with the family relation in the fact that it is ordained of God, in the sense above explained, and in the fact that, like the family relation, it is a subject of Divine legislation. When we say that the slaveholding relation 'is right,' we do not mean to say that every system of slavery is right, as it may have existed in *other ages and in other countries, but only as it now exists with us*, and under all the circumstances in which we are now placed. When we say 'it is right' for our Churches to hold slaves under the present circumstances, we mean to say that they are acting consistently with the spirit and letter of the Gospel in so doing. And were we to assert the contrary, as the resolutions under consideration would have us assert, to wit, that we hold slaveholding to be wrong, it would place us before the world as destitute not only of the spirit of Christianity, but as being bereft of every principle of moral honesty.

"We believe that the slave is not prepared for freedom; that to give it to him now, under all the circumstances, would not be best for either master or slave.

"We believe that freedom is better than slavery where men are prepared to appreciate it—that slavery is better than freedom under certain circumstances—just as it is with respect to human government. Our American Republicanism may be the best form of government for us, but under present circumstances it might be a great curse to Russia or Mexico.

"F. A. Ross,	A. C. Dickerson,
Geo. M Crawford	P. R Grattan,
Isaac W. K. Handy,	James G. Hamner,
Henry Matthews,	Wm. E. Caldwell,
A. H. H. Boyd,	George W. Hutchins,
E. R. McLean,	Robert McLain,
Robert M. Morison,	T. H. Cleland,
F. R. Gray,	Robert F. Rea,
John B. Logan,	Gideon S. White,
Charles M. Atkinson,	J. W. Cleland."

Mr. GUTHRIE then proceeded to make an argument to show that the Bible does not teach or approve as divine the system of American slavery. He defined slavery—that of which he was talking—by reading from the codes of South Carolina and Louisiana. In a strain of clear, limpid eloquence he examined the system of slavery in its horrid details, and the Scriptures as condemning it. A very large audience was in attendance, and good order and a good spirit prevailed during Mr. G.'s remarks. Mr. Guthrie is a Christian merchant in central Ohio, and has long occupied a prominent position in the very intelligent community of which he is a member. He has devoted a great deal of attention to this subject, and his opinions carry weight.

The Rev. Mr. HANDY, of Virginia, and the Rev. Mr. ORLANDO HASTINGS, both agreed in wishing the Committee's report to be postponed in order to take up the substitute, which, in their estimation, contained the real issue in this conflict.

During this afternoon's session Mr. ORLANDO HASTINGS has made a long speech, a very able one of its kind, which was a candid attempt to examine the Scriptures for the authorities under which slaveholding is justified. He occupies entirely the middle ground, partly justifying and partly condemning slaveholders and extreme anti-slavery men. The speech was received with wonder, and yet all gave the speaker credit for entire candour and good intentions.

Mr. HILL, of St. Louis, made a very manly exposition of the state of the Church in St. Louis and Missouri, without any apology for the system, except where it exists unavoidably.

The Rev. Mr. CORWIN, of California, made an amusing speech, hitting off extremists of both sides.

The Rev. Mr. DICKERSON, of Kentucky, has the floor for this evening.

CLEVELAND, O., May 30, 1857.

LAST evening the General Assembly met, and the entire session was taken up with the remarks of the Rev. Mr. DICKERSON, of Bowling Green, Ky., on Mr. Cutler's motion to postpone the Committee's Report on Slavery, in order to take up his substitute, already published. Mr. D. is a man of acknowledged ability and good spirit, and his speech has produced as much influence as a pro-slavery speech can have. He is not, like many Southern men, a mere theorist dealing in nice abstractions, but his mind has a practical tendency. In some of his sentiments he is at antipodes with Dr. Ross. Last evening he chained the attention of the Assembly, and a numerous auditory of spectators, with his elaborate presentation of three points, viz.: 1, The assertion that the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church forbids the agitation of the slavery question. This he argued to be the case on this ground—that the Confession of Faith makes mention of every heresy in doctrine and immorality in practice against which the Assembly is allowed to testify. To this it might be answered, that no one questions that the Assembly may testify against lotteries, liquor-selling and Mormonism, although these things are not named in the Confession of Faith.

This constitutional point is only a year old, having been hatched by Dr. Boyd, of Va., last year, in his minority report on the powers of the Assembly to deal with slavery. Mr. Dickerson's second point was an elaboration of the Scripture argument without a single addition to that preached in Congress by Aleck Stephens and in the pulpit by Dr. Ross. Abraham, and the Hebrews, David, Paul, Philemon, Onesimus and Timothy, all are put on the witness stand to prove that American slavery is a Divine institution, and that it is right to break up families for slave-auctions, and to forbid any legal marriage among the slaves!

The third point was a popular and powerful presentation of the results of this anti-slavery agitation—results which, in Mr. Dickerson's estimation, were most disastrous. It had closed many avenues for benefitting the coloured race, and had led to the enactment of many stringent laws as to teaching and preaching to the slaves. It had been especially disastrous in its influence on this branch of the Church at the South, diminishing its numbers and crippling its influence. Mr. Dickerson was especially severe on the Home Missionary Society for its late action in the refusing aid to Southern Churches implicated in slaveholding. It was, indeed, a strange position to assume. The Gospel is acknowledged to be the cure for all the ills of society; and yet a Christian Missionary Society refuses to send that remedy to the slaves or to their masters!

Such was the general strain of remark by Mr. Dickerson. He was collected and unimpassioned, but very impressive. As yet we have had no anti-slavery speech, but we shall have soon.

SATURDAY—MORNING SESSION.

The entire morning has been expended in discussing the slavery question. The Rev. Mr. SEELEY, of Albany, made a strong anti-slavery speech, in which he answered the points of Mr. Dickerson's argument last night. It was a clear argument, and is but a preface to some more to come.

Dr. ALLEN, of Cincinnati, has read a paper on his own responsibility, which is a strong document; and should it be offered, I will send you a copy of it.

This p. m. the members of the Assembly are invited to take a ride about the city in carriages. This is by the courtesy of several citizens.

SLAVE-CATCHING IN OHIO.

THE PEOPLE *vs.* THE MAN-HUNTERS.

From The Xenia (O.) News, of May 29.

Another of those miserable cases of slave-catching, with its usually unpleasant concomitants, has been brewing in our vicinity. In order that it may be understood, we begin the story at the beginning. On last Tuesday a week the United States Deputy Marshal and assistants undertook to arrest a fugitive slave named Addison, who had been residing in the neighbourhood of Mechanicsburg, Champaign County, for some six months. The result of their valiant efforts is given as follows by the Urbana *Citizen:*

"Quite early in the morning the party, composed of five Kentuckians and the two Deputy Marshals, made a descent upon the cabin of Mr. Hyde, about one mile from the burg, where the coloured man Addison resided. Making known the object of their visit, and reading their warrant, Mr. Hyde told them that Addison was there, and interposed no objection to his arrest.

"Addison, in the meantime, had taken refuge in the loft of his cabin, through a hole barely sufficient to admit his huge body, he being a remarkably large and stout negro. Soon one of the Kentucky gentlemen mounted the ladder, with a double-barrelled gun in hand, to ascend to the loft. He had scarcely got his head and shoulders through the hole, when Addison fired upon him, the ball striking the gun in front of the Kentuckian's breast and glancing off, which saved his life. This reception caused the chivalrous Kentuckian to descend the ladder a good deal faster than he went up, and, finding that he was not killed, fired up the hole through the roof, and retreated from the house. By this time the courage of the party had fairly oozed out at the ends of their fingers, and no further attempt was made to ascend the loft.

"In the meantime, Mr. Hyde sent his little girl to a neighbour's to inform him of what was going on. The party tried to deter the girl from going, but she defied their threats and went on. Word soon went to town, and in a short time a crowd came out to the rescue. The braggadocio spirit of the slave-catchers was properly resented, and, finding they had got into the wrong diggings to catch fugitives, the whole party left in double quick time.

"Addison, the fugitive, has been living in the neighbourhood for some six months. He got off at Mechanicsburg, being unable to go further for want of funds. Finding employment, he concluded to remain there until he made enough to send for his wife and children, who were still in Kentucky, but free. Some time since his wife was written to. It is supposed that the letter was intercepted, and by that means his master came to the knowledge of his whereabouts."

But the matter was not to be ended here. The disappointed hunters after human chattels returned to Cincinnati and obtained a warrant from the United States District Court for the arrest of four men, by the names of Hyde, Gurtridge, and two Taylors, on the charge of aiding in the escape of the fugitive, and, on last Wednesday, Marshal Churchill, of Cincinnati, arrested the parties above named in Champaign County, and started with them to the city. On application, a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued by Judge Baldwin, of the Probate Court of Champaign, for the relief of the prisoners, and put into the hands of the Sheriff of that County, who made pursuit and overtook them at Vienna, Clarke County. The Marshal and his *posse* refused to obey the writ at first, on the ground that the Sheriff of Champaign had no right to serve his writ in Clarke County, and they finally told him they did not intend to be taken at all, and, having no *posse*, the Sheriff made no further attempt to serve his writ, but proceeded on to Springfield and put it into the hands of Sheriff Layton, of Clarke County, who at once proceeded, with one assistant, Bill Compton, after the Marshal and his captives, and overtook them near South Charleston, where, without calling further aid, they attempted to arrest them.

The Marshal and his company numbered some fourteen men, and all made resistance; several shots were fired, none of which took effect; but the Marshal and his crowd of hounds set upon the Sheriff, got him down and beat him so badly that he was disabled, and the scoundrels proceeded on with their prey. At Charleston a warrant was got out against the Marshal and his *posse*, for the assault upon Sheriff Layton, with intent to kill. The writ of habeas corpus was also put into the hands of Sheriff Lewis, of this County, and he, with a respectable *posse* of selected men, started out early yesterday morning in pursuit of the chaps who, it was said, lodged all night at a farmer's house on the Jamestown Pike, about five or six miles east of Xenia. The fugitives were overtaken near the town of Lumberton by Sheriff Lewis, and arrested without any difficulty.

When the Sheriff seized the horses of the carriage in which the United States Marshal was riding, the Marshal, with great show of authority, shouted out, "hold on there; old man!" Sheriff—"I intend to hold on." Marshal—"I am an officer, and doing my duty." Sheriff—"So am I, and doing my duty."

The broad grin of earnestness, determination and coolness which marked the old General's countenance, together with the suspicious-looking implements of his formidable *posse* (about twenty persons), by this time made the redoubtable Marshal and his crew soon conclude to surrender, without any further ceremony. One fellow (Bunker), however, during the melee, jumped out of his buggy, and made his escape into the woods, and has not yet been arrested. The rest were brought back to Xenia about noon.

The Constable and his *posse* took the Marshal and his comrades back to Charleston on the one o'clock train, to answer the charge of assaulting Sheriff Layton. And the other four men from Champaign County were taken to Urbana by the Sheriff of that County, in obedience to the "habeas corpus," where the legality and sufficiency of the warrant on which they were arrested will be duly investigated. The people of Champaign County, like the people of all other parts of Ohio, do not like to see their neighbours seized, handcuffed and marched off to a distant city, for the offence of not helping a pack of slave-catchers to do their dirty work, and we do not believe they will permit it, Fugitive Slave law or no Fugitive Slave law.

We have learned some facts in regard to the conduct of the United States Marshal and his accomplices, towards the prisoners, while in their custody, which go very far towards showing that they were engaged in a scheme to kidnap these men under colour of legal authority, take them into Kentucky, and deal with them as their depraved passions might dictate. They not only had handcuffed the prisoners, but they treated them with all manner of indignity; as, for instance, remarking, when a convenient limb of a tree projected over the road, that that would be a good place to hang such d—d abolitionists as they were. They also threatened to instantly blow their brains out if they opened their mouths to tell anybody they were under arrest, or what for. Although they stayed all night at Esq. Clemans's, in Jasper Township, he did not learn the character of the strangers he hospitably entertained. When they left his house in the morning, they inquired the shortest road to the Ohio river. Such brutal conduct, by presiding United States officers, towards free white citizens of Ohio, deserves to be punished with the highest penalties of the law.

From The Cincinnati Commercial, May 30.

A clear and full statement of the facts that transpired up to yesterday morning, taken from the Xenia *News*, will be found above.

The assault on the Sheriff is detailed as follows by an eyewitness, writing to a gentleman of this city:

"The sheriff told the United States posse that he had a writ of *habeas corpus* for their prisoners. The reply of the posse was that their warrant was higher.

"The Sheriff and his deputy got in front of the horses, and told them to stop. Whereupon they fired at the deputy three times without effect; and he snapping his pistol (which refused to go off) three times, they clinched him, four of them, and took his pistols from him, the Sheriff in the meantime trying to read his writ. Two of the posse got hold of his arms and prevented him from shooting or reading. He was, however, handling the two pretty roughly; a third one came up and commenced beating him with a colt, striking many blows in quick succession, while a fourth took a pistol out of his hand. Sheriff Layton is badly hurt in the head and back, but not mortally."

The Sheriff of Greene County, Daniel Lewis, Esq., took the writ placed in his hands for the arrest of Churchill and his party, on a charge of an assault with intent to kill Sheriff Layton, and raised a posse of some twenty young men, all well armed, intensely excited, and anxious to fight. Their arms were muskets, double-barrelled shot guns and rifles, and they overtook Churchill's party at Lamberton, in Clinton County, 12 miles from Jamestown, and the same distance from the Little Miami road. Mr. Lewis instructed his men that in case he was shot by Churchill, they were to fire at once. He then went up to Churchill and told him that he must obey the *habeas corpus* and warrant. Mr. Churchill then threatened to shoot. Mr. Lewis told him if he did so his whole party would be shot. Churchill submitted then at once, Bunker and Starr escaping. The prisoners charged with assault with intent to kill were examined at Springfield and placed in jail, while their prisoners were set at liberty. The Marshal's force was well armed.

When incarcerated, they telegraphed to this city, and United States Marshal Seifert telegraphed, we are informed, to the Secretary of the Interior for instructions, and our reporter was informed that, in consequence of those instructions, a despatch was sent to Churchill and his men to stay in jail and not accept bail. A writ of *habeas corpus*, to bring Churchill and and his men to this city, was promptly issued by Judge Leavitt of the District United States Court, and sent on to be served on the Sheriff having them in custody.

It is rumoured semi-officially that if this is not complied with, writs will be issued for near a hundred of those implicated in capturing and taking into custody the Deputy United States Marshal and his assistants.

The only one against whom United States warrants were got out, who has yet been brought to the city, is named Isaac A. Sargent. He was arrested by Deputy United States Marshal John Kiefer, assisted, by Deputy Sheriff Nelson, of Springfield, in so private a manner that no one else in Springfield knew of the affair until he had been some time started on the cars for the city. He is suspected of being concerned in opposition to the Fugitive Slave law, and charged with being in correspondence with the Underground Railroad directors. He was yesterday admitted to bail and left for home. His trial is to take place before the United States Commissioner, Newhall, on Monday next.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

In yesterday's *Gazette* we mentioned the fact of the arrest of Deputy Marshal B. P. Churchill and his assistant, and their confinement at Springfield. An application for a writ of *habeas corpus* was made yesterday to the United States Court, and the annexed document, which we copy verbatim, was issued:

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Southern District of Ohio. } ss.:

The President of the United States of America:

To John E. Lyon, Sheriff of the County of Clark, and State of Ohio, and to all those acting under his command.

We command you that the bodies of B. P. Churchill, John C. Elliott, Jared M. Trader, Samuel Garvey, John Poffenberger, James Durrell, Thomas Merra, E. B. Cartez and William Keepers, in your custody detained, as it is said, together with the day and cause of their caption and detention, by whatever name the said B. P. Churchill, John C. Elliott, Jared M. Trader, Samuel Garvey, John Poffenberger, James Durrell, Thomas Merra, E. B. Cartez and Wm. Keepers, may be known or called, you safely have before the Honourable Humphrey H. Leavitt, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States within and for the Seventh Circuit and Southern District of Ohio, at Cincinnati, forthwith to abide such order as the said Honourable Humphrey H. Leavitt, Judge, etc., shall make in their behalf hereof. Fail not, and bring this writ with you.

Witness the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the (L. S.) United States, this 29th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1857, and of the United States of America the 81st.

Attest, WILLIAM MINER, Clerk.

This writ was placed in the hands of Deputy Marshal David Patton, of Preble County, who, with ten or twelve assistants, left the city on the six o'clock Hamilton and Dayton train, last evening, for the purpose of serving said writ.

By Telegraph.

CINCINNATI, Saturday, May 30, 1857.

The United States Deputy Marshal Churchill and his assistants were brought before Justice Christie, at Springfield, this morning.

Messrs. Elliott and Churchill were arraigned on two charges—one for assaulting Deputy Sheriff Compton, and the other for assaulting Sheriff Layton with intent to murder.

Messrs. Churchill and Elliott asked, through their counsel, that the amount of bail be fixed for their appearance at the next term of Common Pleas. Their bail was then fixed at $2,500 each on both charges. The balance of the party, eight in number, were required to give bail in the sum of $10,000, and, refusing to do so, were all committed to jail.

CINCINNATI, Tuesday, June 2, 1857.

The writ of *habeas corpus* issued by Judge Leavitt was obeyed, and the prisoners have been brought to this city for trial. The examination commenced yesterday, but the case was adjourned until a week from to-day, in order to allow time for the production of affidavits by either party. It is probable that the prisoners will be discharged by Judge Leavitt, but this will not prevent their indictment by the Grand Jury of Clark County, and their arrest again for trial.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

SPRINGFIELD, May 29, 1858.

On travelling to this place from Xenia this morning, I found, on the cars and at the stopping places, the recent occurrence at Mechanicsburg, and the arrest of the United States Deputy Marshal, the subject of general conversation. The nature of the remarks is sufficiently indicated by such expressions as "These are mighty hard diggins for nigger-hunters." "If they wan't our boys and our boys don't want to go, they can't have 'em." "Nigger-drivers don't own this bit of creation," &c.

Arrived at Springfield, we got sight of Deputy United States Marshal Churchill, who expresses himself confident of being able to disprove the charges of attempted murder against him. He and his nine companions (for two of them, ex-police officers, John Bunker and Jacob Star, listened to the dictates of discretion, and fled in the hour of danger, at least so say their comrades) were brought to Springfield last night, and were locked up in the Springfield jail until this morning. They speak in disparaging terms of their lodgings, which added to other objections a deficiency of cleanliness—in short, the cells were not so solitary as is desirable. They state that the ladies in this part of Ohio display a wonderful activity of tongue. At Mechanicsburg and elsewhere they were surrounded by hooting crowds, but the female portions of them, and they formed a very large portion, assailed them with bitter reproaches and contemptuous epithets. Scorn and rage appeared to make some of them almost frantic. Border Ruffians, man-stealers, horse-thieves, &c., were among the best terms applied to them. The prisoners strenuously deny that they were intoxicated when performing their official duties, "for," they declare, "they are all temperance folks where we were operating, and a drink was not to be got for love or money." The account they give of the business differs in many respects from the assertions made in public; when I forward you the testimony, the true facts of the case will be made known. The accused inform us that your account of the matter, published yesterday, is the nearest to the true one that has been published.

Mr. Layton, the Sheriff of this County, was considerably hurt in the fray by kicks and blows from slung-shot. He is, however, able to go out this morning.

From The Cincinnati Enquirer, May 30.

Judge Leavitt, of the United States District Court, yesterday granted the petition of *habeas corpus*, prayed for by the United States Marshal, against the Sheriff of Clark County, commanding him to produce forthwith before him the bodies of the ten Deputy Marshals of the United States who are now detained prisoners in Springfield. The writ was despatched last evening by a Deputy Marshal, and the return will probably be made to-day. If the writ is not obeyed, the Marshal will apply for attachments and they will be executed at every risk. It is the determination to sue out warrants against all the parties, including the Judge, Sheriff and every individual implicated in the resistance and violence against the United States Marshals.

The Marshal has already the names of seventy of these parties, and he is taking steps to ascertain the names of others. They will be arrested and dealt with according to law. All national men, who regard the laws of the country and the dignity of the Federal Government, will cheerfully proffer and render their aid to the Marshal in the performance of his duties.

The Marshal, we learn, telegraphed to the Secretary of the Interior for instructions—not that he had any hesitation as to the course which he ought to and will pursue in the affair, but that he might have the full sanction of the Executive for all his measures.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

THE Annual New England Anti-Slavery Convention assembled in the MELODEON in Boston, on Wednesday, May 27th, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and was called to order by Francis Jackson, President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

The Committee of Arrangements reported the following as officers of the Convention:

For President—EDMUND QUINCY, of Dedham.

Vice-Presidents—Francis Jackson, of Boston; Andrew Robeson, of New Bedford; Adin Ballou, of Milford; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Jehiel Claflin, of New Hampshire; Frederick Frothingham, Maine; N. R. Johnston, of Vermont; Philip Scarborough, of Connecticut.

Secretaries—Samuel May, Jr., of Boston; Joseph A. Howland, of Worcester; Dan. A. Comstock, of Millville.

Business Committee—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Maria W. Chapman, Parker Pillsbury, Andrew T. Foss, Charles C. Burleigh, Charles L. Remond, Aaron M. Powell, Stephen S. Foster.

Finance Committee—Abby K. Foster, Susan B. Anthony, Lewis Ford, Nathaniel B. Spooner.

The Convention accepted the above organization, without dissent.

Rev. JEHIEL CLAFLIN, of Westmoreland, N. H., offered prayer.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON read a series of resolutions touching the American Church and the American Tract Society; there had been no opportunity, he said, as yet, to lay them before the Business Committee, and therefore they were not now officially reported.

Mr. GARRISON addressed the Convention in an able speech, mainly on the position of the American Tract Society.

WENDELL PHILLIPS and THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON followed, and occupied the remainder of the morning session. The speech of Mr. Phillips will be found reported in full elsewhere.

At 1 o'clock, the Convention adjourned to quarter to 3.

AFTERNOON.—ADIN BALLOU, one of the Vice-Presidents, in the chair.

A letter from Rev. M. D. Conway, of Cincinnati, was read by the Secretary. It was dated at Alton, Illinois, May 17, and the following is an extract:

"I would like much to go on your platform straight from this place, whose glory and shame are associated with the martyrdom of Lovejoy. Is it not well worthy of joy that our ministers could now collect here, and utter their extremest views, and take a true stand, where so lately that tragedy occurred? I was glad to find on some of the parlour tables pieces of the iron of Lovejoy's printing-press preserved. A large company of us visited the spot where the brave man fell, and the spot where he lies buried. No stone marks the spot, but an effort is making, in which all the ministers indicated their desire to unite, to build a fitting monument over him.

"And may God be with you! M. D. CONWAY."

WM. W. BROWN said that one of the best features of this Convention was that every one could speak his own thought, himself alone being responsible for what he may say. He then read a resolution affirming the slave's right to obtain his freedom, if necessary, by revolution; and went on to say that there was no hope for the slave through the Government. That is irrevocably against him, with no hope of change for the better. The Church is also against him, and he can have no hope from that quarter; and therefore there is no hope for him but through the Abolitionists, and by his own right arm. These positions Mr. B. defended at length, taking the ground that the slaveholders fear an insurrection more than anything else. Every man, said he, has the right to life and to liberty, and if these are worth anything, they are worth defending and protecting by force, if we can. If it is right for the white man to fight for his rights, it is also right for the coloured man—if it was right for the fathers to rebel in 1776, it is right for the slaves to rebel in 1856.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That as the American Church still continues to be in solemn league and covenant with the "traffickers in slaves and the souls of men"—still stops her ears to the cries of the perishing bondmen—still withholds the Bible from four millions of souls in the land, while professing to receive it as the word of God, able to make those who read it wise unto salvation—she is still to be charged with the basest apostacy and the most shameless wickedness.

2. Resolved, That as nothing is easier than conformity with the prevailing religion of the times, in all its requirements, so, while that religion is at peace with prevailing iniquity, and screens from condemnation every form of pollution, every conceivable crime and outrage, and the most terrific oppression, as embodied in the system of chattel slavery, no duty is more obvious than that of testifying against it as a deplorable cheat and a hollow mockery.

3. Resolved, That an experiment of two hundred years has demonstrated the fact, that any amount of sabbatical consecration, public worship, theological instruction, church extension, evangelical profession, reverence for the Bible and revivals of religion, is no barrier to the existence and constant enlargement of the bloodiest and most exacting despotisms in the civilized world; therefore,

4. Resolved, That any longer reliance upon such a religious profession, and such religious machinery, to redeem our land or to break the yoke of the oppressed, is a delusion of the most fatal character.

Whereas the action of the American Tract Society at New York—first in adopting such Jesuitical, self-contradictory and inefficient resolutions as those reported by their Committee of Investigation, and then in re-electing, by a very large vote, to control the publications of the Society for another year, the same Publishing Committee (including Dr. South-Side Adams) whose maladministration had given rise to the necessity for a Committee of Investigation—shows a determination still to maintain their pro-slavery position; and

Whereas the Committee of Investigation themselves, though purporting to be a reformatory body, did only small parts of the work needful to be done, and even those parts but imperfectly, bringing their speech and action as near as possible to saying and doing *nothing*; and

Whereas, by speaking of "those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery," and of "those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote," they intimate not obscurely their judgment that slavery may be a right and proper relation, and their intention that such discussion of it as may possibly be admitted under their new rule shall be, at most, only an attempt to prune, and not to eradicate it; and

Whereas even men who have been crying out so loudly for reform in the Tract Society as the editors of *The Independent* and *The Congregationalist* can be so faithless to it as to say—the former, that the Society ought *not* to enjoin immediate emancipation on the master, but *ought* to enjoin *obedience* and *fidelity* on the slave—and the latter, that he does not want an Abolitionist on the Publishing Committee; therefore,

5. Resolved, That, in the readiness shown to retreat, to compromise, and to sacrifice both Christian fidelity and the interests of the slave to sectarian policy, by even those of the clerical body most advanced towards a reformatory position, we recognise new evidence of a truth long since manifested—that the Church, under the leadership of the clergy, is the main bulwark of slavery.

6. Resolved, That it is only in and through the American Union that the Slave Power finds its resources, obtains its conquests, accomplishes its designs, and drags the whole North at its chariot-wheels; hence, to seek the immediate dissolution of that Union becomes the first, highest and holiest duty of every friend of freedom.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., moved the adoption, at the present time, of the following resolution:

Resolved, That, in order to defray the expenses of the Convention, each friend of the anti slavery cause here present is hereby requested to contribute the sum of one dollar, or such other sum as he or she may be able, when called upon by the Finance Committee.

ADIN BALLOU then addressed the CONVENTION. He said, if we were going to advise the slave to take the life of his master as a guilty person, he thought we ought to come nearer home and recommend the killing of the more criminal and guilty men, who, in pulpits and honoured places all about us, justify and defend the slaveholder. What (he asked) was the estimate which such men as these put upon slavery? If we would know the real influence which sustains and fosters slavery, and who are really the guilty men, we must look at this question just asked. These men drive from their fellowship and their churches the pickpocket, the stealer of their sheep and their horses, yet admit to their communion and all the privileges of church fellowship the stealers of men, of their brethren and their sisters. Again—the state of public opinion in New England would not tolerate genuine and consistent anti-slavery preaching; the man who attempts it is arraigned and driven from his place, with very rare exceptions. They tell us that their Church is endangered by preaching anti-slavery. What is the true character of such a Church? In this country, where the Bible is so highly reverenced (professedly), it is only a company of (alleged) fanatics and infidels who can preach against one man stealing another; in a professedly republican and democratic country, *traitors* only (so-called) are labouring to prove that enslaving and selling a man is worse than picking his pocket. The guiltiest men in the country are those who, at the North, are upholding and endorsing the Christian and republican character of the slaveholders of this land.

Professor J. STRINGTON BROWN took the platform, and spoke of the retrogradation of ideas in this country. Negroes were once everywhere recognised as men, but now the necessity is to prove that he is really a man, and not an ape. He was glad to see this issue made. He liked to have people "toe the mark," if it was a devilish mark.

He then went into a criticism of the tests of humanity, concluding his remarks by asserting that if the negro is not a human being, there is no evidence that there are any human beings.

ANDREW T. FOSS said that he should not spend any time in discussing whether or no slavery was wrong. He should assume that; for if he did not know that slavery was wrong, he did not know that anything was wrong. He need not labour to prove burglary, piracy and murder wrong; then why slavery, the sum of all villanies?

He had a criticism to make upon the Church: it was more in fault in this matter than the State, for it created the politics. And the Beechers and the Cheevers were, in his judgment, more dangerous to the cause of the slave than the open, undisguised pro-slavery priests; for, whatever their professions, their position is identical with that of the others, and they are enemies to anti-slavery, in the guise of friends.

He would not criticise the Democratic party, because it was beyond the hope of redemption. It was composed of two classes, one fools, the other knaves. But the Republican party he would criticise; they are within the reach of the means of grace; they are neither knaves nor fools; they, in the main, are desirous for the abolition of slavery. The sentiment of the masses of the party is good, but they are deceived by their leaders. Individually, they would not return a fugitive or suppress a slave insurrection, but as a party they are true to the Union, and ready to discharge all their duties to it.

Adjourned till 7 1-2 o'clock.

EVENING.—The President, E. QUINCY, in the chair.

Mr. GARRISON said that he was almost tired of hearing his own voice on this subject. He felt that it ought not to be necessary to keep arguing this matter to the people. It needed no argument with him. It should need none with anybody.

We have much theology, but what does it amount to? In the light of it, slavery lives and thrives, as all evil must under a system of religion that is purely theoretical, and which overlooks the practical. We must not look to it to regenerate the country.

Our friend Ballou told us, this afternoon, that the Church did not treat slavery as a sin of equal magnitude with picking pockets. It was prompt to discipline the pickpocket, but not the slaveholder. But in dealing thus with petty theft, it was no evidence of morality on their part; for if picking pockets were made as legal and popular as is slavery, it would not be considered immoral by the Church. Its morality is merely conventional.

Mr. Ballou thought that if an order of nobility were attempted to be established, it would be resisted on all hands. But is this so? Are we not verging towards a military despotism? How much do we lack of an order of nobility, except in the form? We are all too callous to the sufferings and claims of the slave. We have sympathy enough for a single case that comes to our notice; but while our hearts bleed for the individual, we forget the millions of equal s

tory of the anti-slavery movement, and the prophecies of the Abolitionists, with their fulfilment.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, of Rochester, N. Y., presented the claims of *The Liberator* on the confidence, respect and support of every friend of humanity and freedom.

Mr. GARRISON said if any were present who did not know what the South said of him and *The Liberator*, it might be well that they should know, before they decided to become its subscribers; and proceeded to read from several Southern journals some choice specimens of their criticisms on himself, his paper, and the anti-slavery movement generally.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, offered the following resolutions:

10. Resolved, That the decision of the majority of the United States Supreme Court is at once unjust, inhuman and unconstitutional; founded on falsifications of history and perversions of law; an outrage and insult to all the decency, morality and Christianity in the land; a distinct revelation of the remorseless and insatiable spirit of slavery, and the unscrupulous eagerness of its official tools to do—whether with legitimate or usurped authority—its most atrocious bidding.

11. Resolved, That, wanting every essential element of law, it ought nowhere to be respected or obeyed; but everywhere to be denounced, reprobated, and utterly repudiated by legislators, judges, magistrates and people, with united voice.

WENDELL PHILLIPS (who was received with tumultuous applause, constantly renewed through his speech) addressed the Convention. He treated of the Boston *Traveller*, of the "Christian Anti-Slavery Meeting" at Park Street Church—a Church which drove its own churchmember from its doors because he had a coloured skin, and had dared to buy a pew there—of Dr. Cheever and Henry Ward Beecher—of Gov. Chase and the heroic Margaret Garner (whom that Governor had suffered to be dragged from Ohio soil into the hated and helpless slavery from which she had fled)—of the impoverished condition of the slave States and their inevitable bankruptcy if the North should cease to hold them up. [This speech we expect to give in a fuller report hereafter.]

The question then came up on the adoption of the resolutions before the Convention.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH offered the following as an amendment to the amendment offered by Mr. Pillsbury:

That these and similar declarations should be accepted by Abolitionists as a sufficient warning that the Republican party is not an anti-slavery party, nor worthy of the support and co-operation of those whose object is the utter overthrow of slavery in all parts of the land.

Upon this amendment a debate arose, in which Messrs. Burleigh, S. S. Foster, Garrison, May, Foss, Hull, Pillsbury and Mrs. Foster took part. The vote being taken, twenty-one voted in favour of the amendment, and twenty-one against it. It was then voted to lay on the table all the resolutions concerning the Republican party.

The remaining resolutions before the Convention were then unanimously adopted; and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

EDMUND QUINCY, *President*.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr.,
JOSEPH A. HOWLAND,
D. A. COMSTOCK, } *Secretaries*.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I have not, of course none of us have, any word to say in criticism of the line of argument pursued by our friend Mr. GARRISON, in regard to the Tract Society; but still, as he intimated at the conclusion of his remarks, I think the medal may be turned, and has another side.

My friend remarked that this report could not have been drawn with greater ingenuity, with greater sophistry, with greater or more plausible hypocrisy, had it been drawn by Ignatius Loyola himself. Who was Ignatius Loyola? The founder of the Jesuits; the man who tried to win back by guile the Europe which the strong hand of Luther had taken from under the Papacy. Loyola was created by the necessity of Luther. "Hypocrisy is the homage vice renders to virtue"; and when a strong body feels the necessity of being a hypocrite, it acknowledges that it is half conquered—that it stands in the presence of a foe whom it no longer dares to defy. The Tract Society never condescended to equivocate; it never uttered an uncertain note; it never cared whether men said it expurgated books or not; it had the brazen effrontery to deny the fact. It placed its own faultless character in the eyes of the religious public in one scale, and the demonstrations of its guilt in the other, and, in the partial judgment of the American people, the proof kicked the beam. So it was, year after year. What makes it now get down upon its knees, and acknowledge that it has expurgated its publications, and promise to do so no more? This Committee was appointed to whitewash the Society. It was made up of the most hunkerish materials. When it was finished, the trembling friends of the Society said, "The volcano is capped for another year; they can make out a case for us; do not fear." FRELINGHUYSEN stood at its head—a man that never looked the same way with WM. LLOYD GARRISON. Twelve months pass away. The Dred Scott decision astonishes the public; Kansas wins its uneasy hearing from the American people—*events*, louder than words—*events*, so rapid that they make eloquence tame and vapid—*events*, which outrun the lips even of CHEEVER, which seem to be touched, if man's lips ever were, by a coal from that altar that lent fire to the Hebrew prophet (loud applause); and this Committee, expected to defend, has to say what is, in fact, accusation. In the first place, the Society never before acknowledged slavery to be a moral evil. "Who can doubt," says the Committee, "that with such influences as faith, hope and charity, in alliance with that chastened patience that loves to wait for the fruit until the harvest season, this and *all other moral evil* shall yield to the promised triumph of the everlasting gospel?" When did we ever hear that the Tract Society mutilated its publications? "Whatever considerations in the past may have *seemed to recommend* to the Publishing Committee the course pursued in its revision of certain works," &c. Who ever said they *revised* works but the Abolitionists? Who ever admitted it? No Orthodox church member. This Committee acknowledge it was done. They go further and say the reasons which *seemed* to recommend this course, not which *did* recommend it. You must not expect the strongest body in the land to get down on its knees and say, "Great is the American Anti-Slavery Society!" They will begin with lisping, paltering; they will begin with jesuitry; they will begin by trying to hide the sin which the very effort reveals.

Again they say, "The Society cannot with propriety allow itself to be made the special organ of any one system of religious or moral reform, such as temperance, peace, anti-popery, anti-slavery, &c." I should like to hear the Tract Society say, in the presence of South Carolina, Anti-Popery and Anti-Slavery in the same breath, and see how long their popularity would last! The American Tract Society is trying to wriggle—all Orthodoxy has a tendency to wriggle—into a decent position (laughter and applause). But in the very effort we must acknowledge the great triumph which public opinion has gained. We must acknowledge that they at last see something to fear. Why, Pennsylvania, last Fall, summoned half the South to stump the State for Buchanan. When they had tried it six or eight weeks, they banished every Southerner from their circle, called in Northern men, covered their banners with the motto, "Free Kansas," and by that guile saved the State. Is it no acknowledgment of the strength of Northern opinion when the devil puts on the angel?—when he says, "I cannot conquer as devil, therefore I will conquer in a white coat"? O no; I acknowledge, with Mr. Garrison, that this report betrays no virtue in the heart of the American Tract Society, but it betrays *dread*. I never expected that public opinion would make the slaveholders or their apologists Christians, but I thought it might make them still more evidently cowards. I think they will retreat before a public opinion which they will never be converted by; I have no hope of anything more. I think the Tract Society has done what Senator Toombs said he did on the Senate floor before somebody's pistol, "progressed backwards" (laughter); and I think the pistol before which they "progressed backward" was the public opinion of last Fall and Winter, and the dread excited by the reckless, shameless audacity of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision. I think the fact, like the case of Pennsylvania, to which I have referred, shows us also the strength of the North. It shows us that leading men, observing intellects, are beginning to see which way the current sets, and are trimming their sails for the wind.

Now, I think what we have got to do with public opinion is to save it from being misled by just such hypocrisy as this. While we acknowledge that this course of leading religious and political men of the day is the natural outgrowth of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and therefore grateful to us as a testimony of our strength and a sign of encouragement, we are just as much to remember that Ignatius Loyola was the most dangerous foe that Luther ever made; that he *did* snatch back half Europe; that he *did* set firmly on its seven hills the trembling throne of the Pope; and that the fact that to-day Catholicism survives in Europe is due to that policy which disarmed Protestantism, not daring to meet it. So I think, in the politics and religion of the day, that which approaches nearest to us, in the half-inspired lips even of BEECHER and CHEEVER, we ought to regard as the most dangerous enemy, the most dangerous opponent, to the Anti-Slavery cause (applause). I know this may be deemed, the New York papers say it is, very cold and ungracious criticism; and that Reverend and impudent joker of jokers, Rev. George W. Bethune, says that all New England got such a chill on Plymouth Rock, that it has not got over it yet. I advise him to buy a primary school history, and find out, if he never once read, where all the benevolent, social, religious, literary, educational and all other beneficent enterprises of the land came from, if not out from that cold heart of Plymouth Rock (loud applause). He came to Massachusetts, he said, and felt a chill. Well, if he did, he came to the great laboratory where American intellect and American heart have begun everything good thing these thirty-one States have ever produced (applause). For not only out of New England blood, betwixt Plymouth Rock and the Mississippi, but out of New England, *as a locality*, has started every philanthropic effort that has opened the eyes of the blind, taught the dumb to speak, gave the idiot mind, annihilated pain, ministered to the reason, melted the fetter, printed, taught, comforted, raised or began any other benefit to these twenty millions of American people, and their four millions of victims. But cold and ungracious as this criticism seems, it is still necessary for any one who loves the cause of the slave. God does not give us anything; he sells us everything; we buy everything with a price. The price at which we buy the capacity of being serviceable to the slave in this land of ours is to cut off, on both sides, every tie that binds us to kindred, to friends, and, fixing a single eye on the South Carolina hovel, be true to that, no matter what loved name, no matter what apparently eminent service, our lips and our hearts may be brought to criticise and rebuke. I say, from such a pulpit as Beecher's, from such lips as Cheever's, from the forge of the Republican party, come up to-lay the greatest danger to the Anti-Slavery movement; and the reason is this—we have no instrumentality, no tool, but public opinion. All the great material interests of society are against us; all the organizations of the nation are against us. Government, religion, wealth, fashion, literature, the press, everything, is arrayed against the Anti-Slavery movement. We struggle only with the consciences of the masses behind us—nothing more. In order that public opinion should ever govern, it must be relentless. It is a hard thing for ideas to make head against institutions. It is not true that majorities govern; they never govern. The opinions of a few energetic, decided men, in influential positions, who know what they want, have always governed. The millions have never governed; they have only made themselves felt in some critical hour when, the whole world fluid, society disjointed, the fleets scattered on the ocean, for a moment, the dead weight of the opinion of the masses comes in as the blow that crystalizes society again into shape. It is only at such a time that the masses are felt. In ordinary times, they are kept down.

Now, I do not know how sanguine and hopeful other minds may be, but to me the Anti-Slavery struggle, so far as government is concerned, up to this time, has been a failure. The Government is against us, in every form, in every particular. It has never made an effort that has not succeeded; it has never put down its foot that it has not been able to keep it down. Take the words that suggest its triumphs—Florida, Texas, Missouri, Fugitive Slave bill, Kansas, everything—are they not victories on their side? And to-day, private letters tell us that this very month a Constitution is framed in Oregon, that will add her to the list of slave States. As far as government is concerned, slavery has won the battle. If the Government is to decide this question, the slave has no hope. So far as the American Government is concerned, it is a despotism. What do we want against it? We want something better than the resolves of the Tract Society; we want something better than the inspired energy of Cheever; we want something better than the hopes of the Republican party. It seems to me we want just this—we cannot make crises—God makes them—offers them to our hands to use. We cannot control events; they will flow on in His Providence; He gives them to us to work with. But one thing we can, to a certain extent, control, and that is opinion—hearts. What we want is, the anvil upon which events shall be shaped. When the Supreme Court lays down a Dred Scott decision on the anvil of the American heart, we want an energy and fixedness of purpose in that heart that shall shape it into a tool that will pierce the very heart of the Union (cheers). We want a decision, an intelligent, relentless decision, that knows its purpose, and is determined to fulfil it. An *intelligent* decision! The lack to-day is, men run about and do not know what they want. The Supreme Court affirms the Dred Scott decision. *The Tribune* says that it is not law; they had no case before them; they have said so and so, but it has no authority; the case did not justify them in making the decision. Besides, if it did, hav'n't we got McLean and Curtis for us and against them—the learning and respectability of the land on our side? True—all true; and yet, what matters it? Respectability and learning do not govern the country. Franklin Pierce governed it, and he never came within ear-shot of either (roars of laughter and applause). The Supreme Court have intimated to every subordinate judicatory what they *meant* to decide, and on future occasions, whenever any point comes before any Judge in a State or District Court, he will decide accordingly, because he knows, if he does not, the decision will be reversed when it goes up. That is the way the Supreme Court has always governed. They do not wait, they cannot afford to wait, until the point comes up; they must intimate the decision beforehand, in order to shape public sentiment to the recognition and support of the decision when the point does come up. That is the purpose of the Dred Scott decision—all the more dangerous because the public mind is lulled by the idea that, after all, it is not law, and we have got learning and respectability against it. It is law, inasmuch as all the Judges will shape their course by it—that is enough. It is law, so far as the action of the Government is concerned; when the decision in the Lemmon case is given, as it probably will be, against us, and in favour of the slaveholder, allowing him to bring his slaves to the free States, keep them here as long as he will, and then return with them to the South—when this decision comes, the whole question, as far as the Courts are concerned, is settled.

In 1789, the Government was launched with the assertion of the statute of 1787, *the whole territory free*. Wythe, Washington, Jefferson, Rutledge, Lee, all the lights of the Revolution, were on that side. Public opinion, the world over, set in that direction. The Union was launched, the Constitution was framed. Sam Adams lived, John Hancock laboured. The great men of the day, Hopkins, Edwards, John Jay, Elbridge Gerry, and other men, permeated society with the influence of their anti-slavery determination. So the vessel of State was launched. At that same moment, the devil hovered over Charleston, and dropped a few cotton seeds into the soil. Presto! sixty years, and the seeds of cotton have annihilated Wythe, and Lee, and Rutledge, and Jay, the Constitution, the Revolution, and everything else, and we are nothing but a cotton bag to-day (loud applause). A generation rolled away, to 1819. Another struggle came on the territories, and our fathers, though labouring hard and earnestly, were frightened from the struggle by the cry of "Disunion," yielded up half, and came home, and hung their heads in shame at the victory of the South—*half for slavery, half for freedom*. Another generation rolled away. The Websters, the Clays, the Calhouns, the Whig party, the Unitarian clergy, the Dr. Bethunes, the Tract Society, Nehemiah Adams—these men and organizations lived and laboured. Unlike their fathers, they did not drop cotton-seeds, they dropped ideas into the national soil, and there came another struggle in 1852—*the whole territory for slavery!* That is the history of the Union. Beginning thus, the end we have secured is a total victory of the organization and government in favour of slavery.

Now, what do we want? I want a *prejudice* against slavery and pro-slavery governments in this land. I do not want a *sentiment*; I do not want a resolution; I do not want an intellectual conviction. The mind does not act from intellectual conviction. The mother who sees her child on the edge of a precipice does not stop to think, "It is a hundred feet high, and unless I leap and seize him, he will be dashed to pieces." She leaps! The man who sees his brother, in a moment of danger, with a pistol pointed at his breast, does not stop to argue—"Powder was invented five centuries ago, and unless I leap between the pistol and his breast, he must die." He leaps, by instinct, by a characteristic intellectual conviction, that was planted longer ago, and has become character, and is in his blood and bones. I want a hatred of slavery that is in the intellect, in the heart, and in the brain. I want such a prejudice as the Catholic has against the Protestant, and the Protestant has against the Catholic, which was not reasoned up, and cannot be reasoned down, and makes the one fly at the other's throat the moment he sees him (applause). Something that has got into the blood, that makes part of the bones, that, if Dr. Jackson were to analyze it, he would find it, in the ultimate analysis, as all that was left of Protestant or Catholic. Thank God! I wish a Yankee could be subjected to analysis in a crucible of chemistry so accurate that they should find nothing left of him but curses for Carolina (loud applause).

What I mean is this—that when an issue is proposed, or when a question comes before the American people, they shall be ready to say to themselves—"We don't care whether they will succeed or not; but we have formed one purpose—it is that we will tear down slavery, we will abolish it; if the Union goes to pieces, let it go; and if the Church goes to pieces, let it go! We form but one purpose in life, for the present. The work of this generation is the abolition of slavery. We weigh everything else against it, and everything else kicks the beam." I want that purpose dictinctly formed and announced; that purpose, that mood of mind is the victory. What I find fault with in the Tract Society, and in the Republican party, is not that they have their own method. I am tolerant enough to allow every man his own method. If Dr. Cheever thinks the battle is to be fought in Kansas, in Heaven's name, let him go and fight it (applause)! If the Tract Society thinks it is to be fought on the basis of these Resolutions, let them fight it there—God aid them! If Henry Wilson thinks that slavery is to be abolished by abusing us upon the floor of the Senate, God increase ten-fold his power of abuse, and let him pour it on to our devoted heads! I do not care what method a man takes. What I ask of him is that he shall tell the world that underneath it lies the determined purpose that, at all hazards, at every risk, at any cost, no matter what the danger, he will abolish slavery, and let the South take warning (loud applause)!

Why has the South always conquered us? Because she unites one single word on her catalogue of requests, that is—"*Slavery!*" It is the first, it is the second, it is the third; turn the leaf, and it is—"*Slavery!*" All through the book it is—"*Slavery!*" The North writes—"Kansas"—"Tariff"—"Internal Improvements"—"Railroads"—"Robert C. Winthrop"—"Edward Everett"—and many other insignificant quantities to the end (laughter and applause). What is the consequence? The party that has but one object, knows what it wants, and is willing to sacrifice everything for it, conquers; of course it must! As long as Henry Wilson, with the port of a hero, lets it be known that there is one spot his father, our pioneer, did not dip into the Styx of Anti-Slavery, and that is his love for the Union, just so long the arrow of the South will find his heel, and prove him open to the temptation of office, and the ambition for political power. I want him to say—"Cover me all over with arrows; there is nothing I value but the service I can render to the cause of Justice and Humanity; foul my name with every odious charge of hostility to my country and its institutions, I will cover it all over, in the verdict of History, with one grasp of the slave's hand, if I can but lift him up to the level of my own sunlight" (enthusiastic applause)!

This is the history of moral struggle in all times. Why, the Pope excommunicated Luther. Papal excommunication up to that time had shaken the world like an earthquake, but Luther took the parchment and tossed it into the flames, and excommunicated the Pope; and from that time "Success" was written on the banner of the daring Saxon reformer. It is this willingness to sacrifice everything that turns the dwarf into a giant. "Beware of the man driven to the last ditch—beware despair," says the proverb, for the man, you know, who is willing to risk his own life, is master of every other. When Massachusetts is willing to risk everything in order to break the fetters of the slave, then her million of men and her handkerchief-patch of territory start up into omnipotence, and the weight of the world. "Suppose, when Warren, and Putnam, and Prescott were on Bunker Hill, and "Old Put" gave that order, "Don't waste your powder, boys, wait till you see the whites of their eyes"—suppose, instead of that, somebody had come to him and said, "The British have fired Charlestown, and the shingles on the Congregational Church are all in a flame," and he had said to his men, "Stop! Let's put out the fire on that church"—should we ever have conquered? When Wellington stood upon the field of Waterloo, he put his "Old Guard" upon a spot of ground, and the French cuirassiers, armed in steel from neck to heel, and mounted on the best steeds of France, rode at them like a whirlwind, and turned back fewer than they came. They stood there like a granite wall, hurling back every impetuous charge—and why? Because Wellington had said to them—"That spot of ground taken and all England is not safe from the foe"; and with hearts stronger than British steel, they kept it, as our own rock-bound coast beats back the ocean in a storm (applause). Now, this is the kind of resolution I want for the purpose of the North. I do not know, nobody can prophesy, what it will be necessary to sacrifice in order to secure the abolition of slavery; but then we know that in the struggle betwixt two mighty and determined parties, that party which is determined to sacrifice everything to success, that party that has no looking back, that means to write its history in the ditch, that means to leave nothing alive unless they conquer—that party *will* conquer. I want this purpose announced on the part of anti-slavery men. If I could have the twelve hundred thousand men that voted for Fremont, if I could have those few hundred pulpits that redeem the Sodom and Gomorrah of the thirty thousand Bethunes and Nehemiah Adamses (applause)—if I could hear them say, "We are not technically Garrisonians, but we have laid life and reputation on the altar of justice. We have made up this purpose: Let the Union go; let the Church go; let commerce go; let grass grow on the wharves; let another generation be wasted, as our fathers wasted one, in the struggle for ideas, we care not: God willing, we will write out, as the history of this generation, that at the sacrifice of every present interest, they melted every fetter beneath the flag of the empire" (applause)!—if I could hear them say this, I should be sure of the victory. But, as long as we do not announce this, as long as the North falters, as long as it says "Kansas," and watches that struggle, announcing nothing beyond, just so long the South will tempt, day after day, one class after another, buy up politicians, and eat out the virtue and the strength of Northern opinion. If a man *begins* to form a virtuous resolution, it melts away in the temptation of a time-serving politics and qualifying religion. The gallantry and bravery of an absolute purpose is what converts multitudes of men. He that rides forward and takes the lead, forms the purpose of the millions that lag behind.

Now, therefore, at such a moment as this, the fault that I find with the Republican party, and with the pulpit—eloquent, able, yes, in some senses, *determined*, as it is—is, that they do not announce anything like a purpose sufficient to aggregate the American people into one mass, capable of struggling and grappling with an energetic power like that of slavery. We are grumbling, and men blame us for grumbling. We are not to blame. We never yet found fault with any man's method. We never yet said to any man, "Too the mark!" We never yet said to any man, "Give up your own manner of working, and adopt ours." But this, certainly, by way of advice and criticism, every intelligent student of this question is bound to say, and justified in saying—Your temporary issue is very good. Waste a certain amount of Anti-Slavery enthusiasm. But while you go off to side issues, you are wasting time. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, could have saved this experiment of self-government twenty years ago. The South had not hardened into despotism twenty years ago. She was not certain of victory twenty years ago. Had they said to their compatriots, "It is necessary to meet the issue to-day, and let these Southerners know that we will sacrifice nothing to their demands," they could have stayed the plague where it was. To-day, we stand with the triumph of the Slave Power written on the forehead of the government itself; and that is the reason why men ought to recognise the necessity of the hour, which is revolution. It is useless to disguise it; it is useless to doubt, to cajole men with equivocal words, with half measures. Dr. Cheever has written the bravest sermon, perhaps, ever delivered in this country, on the Dred Scott case. He certainly criticises it remorselessly; but, as far as I read it, he does not tell his hearers that there is but one way of opposing it, and that is by being ready for revolution. There is no other. What is the use of your talk? There is the law. The Supreme Court, the final interpreter of the Constitution, has made it all, and the North says what the Supreme Court has decided to be law, it bows to. "What are you going to do, Mr. Wilson? What are you going to do, Mr. Cheever, Mr. Beecher? Do you mean to submit?" "No!" every voice answers. "Do you mean to rebel?" "No" (laughter)! Well, where is the middle course? There is no course but to say to the popular mind—for it is on the basis of the people, at last, that the heavy machinery of the Anti-Slavery movement rests—it is to say to that people, and say it to-day, "You must be ready for revolution. You must be ready to look the law in the face and say, 'We will not submit to it!'" And when you have produced that readiness in the public mind, then you are ready for the first attempt to carry that decision of the Supreme Court into effect. But you must begin to preach to-day. You must preach from sentiment into conviction, and from conviction into character, and from character into prejudice, and from prejudice into instinct.

But I will not detain you longer. I came to occupy this place because the friend who was announced to occupy it had not reached the city; but as I have before me the welcome sight of his person, I will yield the platform to him, and hope that Mr. HIGGINSON will give us the speech we have taken the liberty to advertise for this morning (loud applause).

DR. ELIOT, OF ST. LOUIS.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AT the recent Unitarian Convention, held in Alton, Dr. Wm. C. Eliot, the pastor of the Unitarian Church in this city, took the lead in the debate on slavery in favour of the institution. He was ashamed to advocate it boldly, but he felt, like the scared boy in the thunder shower, that "something *must* be done." So he denounced the agitation, and withdrew. His conscience seems unquiet; and yesterday he preached a sermon on reforms, which was admirably characteristic. It was bland and courteous. It was not the duty of a minister to preach against special sins, either slavery, war or intemperance. This he enforced, so as to leave no doubt that he meant so to serve God as not to offend the devil. He seemed a disciple of the Yankee blacksmith, who, when reproved by the priest for cursing his restive horse, that he was shoeing, told him in reply that it was no worse for him to swear and mean no harm than it was for the priest to preach and mean no good. Dr. Eliot, like all other doctors, will sustain the craft. He will preach of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. He is "willing a man shall go tolerable strong against wrong in the abstract, for that kind of wrong is always unpopular"; but to attack a sin as though you meant to exterminate it is highly absurd, preposterous and wrong. Dr. Eliot has fairly taken his position with the great body of the doctors, and from this time his influence may be expected to wane.

St. Louis, May 24, 1857.

THE following letter comes to us just as we are making the form ready for the press—too late for a word of reply or explanation this week.

NEW YORK, June 3d, 1857.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: In your issue of May 30th you speak of me as "a person professionally accustomed to use ambiguous language with the purpose of deceiving"; and then proceed, with due "precaution," to analyze what you assume to be an article from my pen in *The Independent*. As I did not write one word of the article in question, or read it till I saw it in print, I cannot appropriate the flattering terms which you are pleased to apply to me in the succeeding column.

Your waste of rhetoric illustrates the *folly* and the *meanness* (I trust these words are not "ambiguous") of attempting to fasten upon a private individual the language of a newspaper, which, like your own, is edited anonymously. I hold myself responsible for whatever sentiments I have uttered on the subject of slavery, in the pulpit, on the platform, or through the press. But the attempt to traduce me, or any other person, for the utterances of an impersonal journal, is an injustice to which no fair-minded editor would ever descend. (I hope again that my words are not "ambiguous.")

Your blunder, however, amuses me; especially the crowning ignorance of supposing that a true Congregationalist recognises any "organization" whatever among men as "*the* Church of Christ," or allows himself to speak of any organic body as "*the* Evangelical *Church*." My regard for Christian liberty and the liberty of the Churches leads me to a more exact and Scriptural use of terms, especially when I speak "professionally."

Very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH P. THOMPSON.

THE KNOW-NOTHING GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS has refused for the second time to obey the voice of the people of that State, as expressed through the Legislature, calling upon him to remove Commissioner Loring, the slave-catching servitor of B. F. Hallett, from the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk. Here is the message in which he announced his determination again to disregard the wishes of three-fourths of his constituents.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Council Chamber, Boston, May 30, 1857.

To the Hon. President of the Senate:

Before the final adjournment of the Legislature, I desire to inform the two branches that I respectfully decline to comply with their request contained in the Address for the removal of Edward Greely Loring from the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk.

Pressing duties, necessary to be performed during the closing hours of the session, render it impracticable for me to give my reasons in full for such refusal at the present time, but I will, at the earliest opportunity, prepare them, cause them to be printed in the volume of Acts and Resolves for the present year, and to be communicated to the public prints, for the information of the members of the Legislature, and the people of the Commonwealth.

HENRY J. GARDNER.

The Governor is supposed to be an aspirant for further political honours at the hands of the people of Massachusetts, and it remains to be seen whether this latest exhibition of executive authority will improve or damage his prospects.

Summary.

It has been estimated that the clergy cost the United States $2,000,000 annually, the criminals $40,000,000, the lawyers $70,000,000, and liquors $200,000,000. What shall we think of this?

HIGH PRICES FOR SLAVES.—The Milton (N. C.) *Chronicle* says that the following high prices were paid at Yanceyville, last Saturday, for slaves: Milly, 49 years old, and bed-ridden, $1,200; Maria and two small children, $2,505; Mary and two small children, $2,402. Sold on a credit of six months.

THE DOCTRINE OF FORGIVENESS.—At a Sunday school examination, the teacher asked a boy whether he could forgive those who wronged him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who has insulted or struck you?" "Ye-e-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I—think—I—could, if he was bigger than I am."

The consequences of Virginian intermarriages are unpleasant, according to the Fredericksburg *News*:

"In this County, in which we were raised, for twenty generations back, certain families of wealth and respectability have intermarried until there cannot be found in three or four of them a sound man or woman! One has sore eyes, another scrofula, a third is an idiot, a fourth is blind, a fifth bandy-legged, a sixth with a head about the size of a turnip, with not one out of the number exempt from physical defects of some kind or other."

WHITE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN WASHINGTON.—A Washington paper says:

"The Democrats of Washington are protesting against the practice that has prevailed in that city of employing negro slaves as messengers in the several executive departments of the national government, as these situations are very desirable, and would afford acceptable employment to many competent and worthy white men. The idea of giving negroes the preference over white men in public employment is considered an outrage by the Democracy of the federal city."

HONOURABLE SENTIMENTS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.—The British *Standard* says:

"The British public who are conversant with the enlightened and masterly writings of Dr. Cheever will *rejoice to hear* that the logic and the eloquence of that gifted man, with all his heart and all his mind, are evoked by this demon judgment on behalf of humanity. The ground he takes is alike explicit and irrefragable; it is, that the decision of the Supreme Court is "THE MORAL ASSASSINATION OF A RACE, AND CANNOT BE OBEYED!"

DANIEL S. DICKINSON AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, who always has the latest news, writes:

"It has been erroneously intimated that Daniel S. Dickinson, who is now on a visit to this city as a private citizen, would accept the mission to London. A man who declined the Presidency would hardly take anything else."

It will be a curious question for some future student of American history to ascertain when Daniel S. Dickinson declined the Presidency.

THEODORE PARKER.—We notice by the Montreal *Witness* that the Mercantile Library Association of that city, by an almost unanimous vote, disapproved of the action of the Board of Directors in inviting Theodore Parker to deliver a course of lectures before the Association. The Association does not regard a lecturer who does not recognise revealed religion as a suitable instructor of young men. The proposition to invite Lucy Stone was also rejected on the same occasion, though on different grounds.

RUNAWAY NEGROES.—On Saturday night last a regular stampede took place among the negroes in this neighbourhood. We learn that two negroes belonging to Mr. William Heyser, near town, one of Mr. Joseph Rench's, and one of Mr. John Booth's, in town, and it is supposed a number of others of whom we have not yet heard, started for the land where negroes have the privilege of keeping themselves. They took with them a horse belonging to Dr. E Weis, and one of Mr. H. K. Tice's, together with a carriage of Mr. F. J. Posey, and Mr. Joseph P. Mong's buggy. They were pursued, however, and arrested at Chambersburg, Pa., on Monday.—*Hagerstown (Md.) Chronicle*.

THE PILLORY AND THE LASH IN DELAWARE.—We find in the Court proceedings at Wilmington, Del., the following:

"Joseph Newman, tried for purchasing property from boys who had purloined or stolen it, was convicted. The Court sentenced him to pay a fine of $20 and to stand in the pillory one hour on the 23d inst., to be imprisoned six months, and to wear the convict's jacket six months following his liberation. Sarah Bostick, who was convicted of stealing from the store of Samuel Ritchie, was sentenced to pay $36 78 as restitution money, to be whipped on the 23d inst., with twelve lashes, and to be sold for a period not exceeding seven years."

THE SOUTH UNGRATEFUL TO ITS KANSAS FRIENDS.—The office of the *Squatter Sovereign* has passed into the hands of other publishers. In making this transfer we experience no inconsiderable degree of reluctance, but we are thoroughly convinced that it is the only step we could take to save ourselves from great pecuniary sacrifice. This we would be unable to sustain and publish a paper. We have repeatedly called upon the South for aid, and our response has been a moneyless one. We were at last reduced to one of two alternatives—to surrender upon advantageous terms or to be carried by storm, and our arms and equipments become the properties of war. We have chosen the former, believing that no just reason existed why we should longer expose ourselves as an emaciated specimen of the ingratitude of the South."—*Squatter Sovereign, May 9.*

HOW INDIAN WARS ARE GOT UP.—A Nebraskian writes to the *Evening Post* the following account of what are called the Indian troubles recently occurring in Nebraska:

'Early in April, a settler on Salt Creek, a few miles west from Plattsmouth, and south-west from here, felt annoyed by the presence of a Pawnee Indian in his house, and ordered him out. The Indian refused to go until he was given some food, when the white man forced him out. The Indian then made some hostile demonstration, and the white man, fearing for his life, shot the Indian dead. Gen. Thayer, hearing of the affair, went down to settle the matter, and did so without any further trouble. The Indian was buried, and thus the matter ended. It is not true that 'one white man was killed, and several Indians,' or that 'Gen. Thayer, had raised a party of volunteers to protect the settlers.'—OCCIDENT."

CORNELIUS HUGHES.—"*Mercury*" of the Baltimore *Sun* says that Cornelius Hughes, charged with attempting to carry off a slave in the employmeht of William Geary, of Alexandria County, was discharged for want of evidence. Mr. Hughes has sent us a card, in which he says he was committed to jail the 15th of last December, by Justice Collins, simply on the testimony of a slave and tool of Mr. Geary—that he was kept there till the 19th of May, five months, to the injury of his health and to his loss pecuniarily—and that then, being brought out for trial, the prosecuting attorney entered a *nolle prosequi*, there being no evidence, and the case was dismissed. Another illustration of the insult and peril to which Northern men are exposed in slave States.—*National Era*.

A FACT WELL PUT.—The Charleston *Mercury* thus closes an article upon the political prospects of Kansas:

"Mr. Pierce courageously and faithfully endeavoured to enforce the true policy of the Union and the policy of the Democratic party, and *was beaten down by the Democratic party itself*. If Kansas is not surrendered to the North before Mr. Buchanan's four years of service shall transpire, *he will be as powerless as Mr. Pierce*."

This is a distinct recognition of the fact, which we have often stated, that the principle of *self-preservation* will require that the Democratic Administration make Kansas a free State. The belief that it was *intended* to carry slavery there lost that party the whole North except three States, and in those three it was saved from similar defeat only by the pledges of its supporters that Kansas should be free. If Kansas should now be brought into the Union as a slave State, the Administration would lose every Northern State. It is the conviction of this fact which will make it free.—*Times*.

Simms, the novelist, is lecturing on the cause of his failure at the North—a subject perhaps of more interest to himself than his hearers. The Charleston *Courier* of May 28 says:

"Mr. Simms delivered the second lecture of the course last evening, at Hibernian Hall, on the antagonisms of the social-moral of the North and South. There was a better audience than on the first evening, and the subject matter of the lecture was more pointed, comprehensive and interesting. He proposed at the outset to give the reason why he so abruptly terminated his late course of lectures at the North, and straightway proceeded to do it to the entire satisfaction of his audience. He gave an outline of the social and moral condition of the masses at the North, and the utter antagonism of the principles and purposes of the two sections as exhibited by the treatment he received at Buffalo and New York, from the press and the public, in the delivery of his lectures on the South and her history."

COMFORTING.—The Washington correspondent of the *News* says:

"General Cass assured us to-day that in his judgment the *rumours* that Gov. Marcy is contemplating a disruption of his relations with the Democratic party, and junction with the mongrels, *is* very preposterous. He thinks Gov. Marcy has no such idea."

The patriot who wrote this letter, and who shares the confidence of General Cass, left school a little early, and before the subject of grammar was broken to his tender understanding. If General Cass thinks the rumours in relation to Mr. Marcy is preposterous, what does he think of the well-authenticated facts in regard to ex-President Pierce and Senator Mason's heretical and Black Republican associations while in this city? The correspondent of the *News* will oblige us by asking the Secretary of State for some assurance upon this point; and if he communicates the result of his interview to the public, he will please to take notice that in the English, as in most other languages, the verb is generally expected to agree with its nominative case in number and person.—*Evening Post*.

On the 26th inst. an important decision was rendered by Chief Justice Taney in the Federal Supreme Court of Virginia, in the case of Waring vs. the brig Advance. This was an action brought by the former British Consul for the port of Norfolk against the brig above mentioned, for having brought over a free negro, from Antigua, and left him in Virginia in bondage. Judgment was given by Judge Hallyburton, in June, 1852, condemning the vessel, but an appeal was taken and the question argued before the Chief Justice on the 26th inst., when the judgment of the Court below was affirmed and the vessel condemned and ordered to be sold.

It appears that this system has been going on for several years, and though many have been detected and punished for the offence, the practice has nevertheless been pursued. Nor is it to be supposed that the decision in this instance will stay its progress. The only means adequate to this end is the transfer of all responsibility from the masters to the owners of vessels. The law, I believe, as it stands at present, makes no provision of this sort, but I understand efforts will be made so to adapt it.—*Richmond Cor. N. Y. Herald*.

There was Dr. Stearns, who began by being a *slaveholder*. He was master of the life and limb and liberty of one "Peter," a slave; but when the Revolutionary war broke out, he proclaimed Peter's emancipation. He was not a very hard master. His garden-gate used sometimes to be left open, and the favourite vegetables which he had designed for his own table became a prey to certain marauding cattle thereabouts; whereupon the doctor proclaimed this edict, that the next member of the household that left the garden-gate open should suffer the chastisement of stripes. Returning from a short walk one day, he found the gate open, and the four-footed invaders feasting in his garden. He called Peter. "Peter!" "Well, Massa." "Do you know who left the garden-gate open?" "Yes, Massa." "Who was it?" "Must I tell, Massa?" "Yes, you must, Peter." "Peter no want to tell." "Yes, Peter, you *must* tell." "Well, then," replied Peter, "*Massa left it open*." "Did I, Peter? Then bring me the rod!" (Laughter.) "Now, Peter," said he, "*you put it on*" (great laughter). That was the last service that Peter ever did for him as a slave!—*Speech of Rev. A. L. Stone, at the Congregational Festival*.

GEN. RUSK ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—We have been permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written by our Senator, Gen. Rusk, to a distinguished citizen of Texas, and dated Nacogdoches, April 28th, 1857. The gentleman to whom the letter was addressed permits the publication, because he believes it important that the opinion of such a man as Gen. Rusk, on a question of such vital importance, should be known.

"Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet gives pretty general satisfaction. They were very much pressed while I remained, and I could not very well judge, from what little I sa

Miscellaneous Department.

MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend—
A green leaf on your own Green Banks—
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven, hides
The sobered brow and lessening hair:
For aught I know, the myrtled sides
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring
The fabled founts of song to try,
They've drained, for aught I know, the spring
Of Aganippe dry.

Ah, well!—the wreath the Muses braid
Proves often Folly's cap and bell;
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender debt
Be paid by those I love in life.
Why should the unborn critic whet
For me his scalping-knife?

Why should the stranger peer and pry
One's vacant house of life about;
And drag, for curious ear and eye,
His faults and follies out?

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,
With chaff of words the garb he wore;
As corn-husks when the ear is gone
Are rustled all the more?

Let kindly Silence close again;
The picture vanish from the eye;
And on the dim and misty main
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim
To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine:
Hang, if it please you so, my name
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide
Her chosen names, I envy none;
A mother's love, a father's pride
Shall keep alive my own!

Still shall that name, as now, recall
The young leaf wet with morning dew,
The glory where the sunbeams fall
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,
A spell to waken smile or sigh;
In many an evening prayer be heard,
And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child! in riper days
When asked the reason of thy name,
Shalt answer: "One 'twere vain to praise
Or censure bore the same.

Some blamed him, some believed him good—
The truth lay, doubtless, 'twixt the two—
He reconciled as best he could
Old faith and fancies new.

In him the grave and playful mixed,
And Wisdom held with Folly truce,
And Nature compromised betwixt
Good fellow and recluse.

He loved his friends, forgave his foes,
And, if his words were harsh at times,
He spared his fellow-men—his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

He loved the good and wise, but found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

Whate'er his neighbour might endure,
Of pain or grief, his own became;
For all the ills he could not cure
He held himself to blame.

His good was mainly an intent,
His evil not of forethought done;
The work he wrought was rarely meant
Or finished as begun.

Ill served his tides of feeling strong
To turn the common mills of use,
And over restless wings of song
His birth-right garb hung loose.

His eye was Beauty's powerless slave,
And his the ear which Discord pains;
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave
What passions strove in chains.

He had his share of care and pain,
No holiday was life to him;
Still in the heir-loom cup we drain
The bitter drop will swim.

Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird
And there a flower beguiled his way—
And cool, in summer noons, he heard
The fountains plash and play.

On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of Nature stole;
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul.

He worshipped as his fathers did,
And kept the faith of childish days—
And howso'er he strayed or slid,
He loved the good old ways,

The simple tastes, the kindly traits,
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,
The silence of the soul, that waits
For more than man to teach.

The cant of party, school and sect,
Provoked at times his honest scorn,
And Folly, in its gray respect,
He tossed on Satire's horn.

But still his heart was full of awe
And reverence for all sacred things;
And, brooding over form and law,
He saw the Spirit's wings!

Life's mystery wrapt him like a cloud!
He heard far voices mock his own,
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,
Long roll of waves unknown.

The arrows of his straining sight
Fell quenched in darkness; priest and sage,
Like lost guides calling left and right,
Perplexed his doubtful age.

Like childhood, listening for the sound
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,
All vainly down the dark profound
His brief-lined plummet fell.

So, scattering flowers with pious pains
On old beliefs, of later creeds,
Which claimed a place in Truth's domains,
He asked the title-deeds.

He saw the old-time's groves and shrines
In the long distance fair and dim,
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,
The century-mellowed hymn!

He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;
God knew the heart: Devotion's pearl
Might sanctify the shell.

While others trod the altar stairs,
He faltered like the publican;
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers
Were those of sinful man.

For, awed by Sinai's Mount of Law,
The trembling faith alone sufficed,
That, through its cloud and flame, he saw
The sweet, sad face of Christ!

And, listening, with his forehead bowed,
Heard the Divine compassion fill
The pauses of the trump and cloud
With whispers small and still.

The words he spake, the thoughts he penned,
Are mortal as his hand and brain;
But, if they served the Master's end,
He has not lived in vain!"

Heaven make thee better than thy name,
Child of my friends! For thee I crave
What riches never bought, nor fame
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old:
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin!

Imagination held in check,
To serve, not rule, thy poised mind;
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all—
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth;
Life made by duty epical
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And green-leafed in the Eternal field
Of God forever live!

J. G. W.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH. STANDING ON THE BRINK.

THE first night at Porthgenna passed without the slightest noise or interruption of any kind. No ghost, or dream of a ghost, disturbed the soundness of Rosamond's slumbers. She woke in her usual spirits and her usual health, and was out in the west garden before breakfast.

The sky was cloudy and the wind veered about capriciously to all the points of the compass. In the course of her walk, Rosamond met with the gardener, and asked him what he thought about the weather. The man replied that it might rain again before noon, but that, unless he was very much mistaken, it was going to turn to beat in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours.

"Pray did you ever hear of a room on the north side of our old house, called the Myrtle Room?" inquired Rosamond. She had resolved, on rising that morning, not to lose a chance of making the all-important discovery for want of asking questions of everybody in the neighbourhood; and she began with the gardener accordingly.

"I never heard tell of it, ma'am," said the man. But it's a likely name enough, considering how the myrtles do grow in these parts."

"Are there any myrtles growing at the north side of the house?" asked Rosamond, struck with the idea of tracing the mysterious room by searching for it outside the building instead of inside. "I mean close to the walls," she added, seeing the man look puzzled, "under the windows, you know?"

"I never see anything under the windows, in my time, but weeds and rubbish," replied the gardener.

Just then the breakfast-bell rang. Rosamond returned to the house, determining to explore the north garden, and, if she found any relic of a bed of myrtles, to mark the window above it, and to have the room which that window lighted opened immediately. She confided this new scheme to her husband. He complimented her on her ingenuity, but confessed that he had no great hope of any discoveries being made out of doors, after what the gardener had said about the weeds and rubbish.

As soon as breakfast was over, Rosamond rang the bell to order the gardener to be in attendance, and to say that the keys of the north rooms would be wanted. The summons was answered by Mr. Frankland's servant, who brought up with him the morning's supplies of letters, which the postman had just delivered. Rosamond turned them over eagerly, pounced on one with an exclamation of delight, and said to her husband: "The Long Beckley postmark! News from the vicar, at last!"

She opened the letter and ran her eye over it—then suddenly dropped it in her lap with her face all in a glow. "Lenny!" she exclaimed, "there is news here that is positively enough to turn one's head. I declare the vicar's letter has quite taken away my breath!"

"Read it," said Mr. Frankland, "pray read it at once."

Rosamond complied with the request in a very faltering, unsteady voice. Doctor Chennery began his letter by announcing that his application to Andrew Treverton had remained unanswered; but he added that it had, nevertheless, produced results which no one could possibly have anticipated. For information on the subject of those results, he referred Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to a copy subjoined of a communication marked private, which he had received from his man of business in London. The communication contained a detailed report of an interview which had taken place between Mr. Treverton's servant and the messenger who had called for an answer to Doctor Chennery's letter. It described the circumstances (as coolly related by Shrowl himself) under which the copy of the Plan of the north rooms had been made, and it announced the copyist's readiness to part with the document for the consideration of a five pound note. In a postscript, it was further stated that the messenger had seen the transcribed Plan, and had ascertained that it really exhibited the positions of doors, staircases, and rooms, with the names attached to them, and that it presented the appearance—as far as internal evidence went—of being fairly copied from a genuine original.

Resuming his own letter, Doctor Chennery proceeded to say that he must now leave it entirely to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to decide what course they ought to adopt. He had already compromised himself a little in his own estimation, by assuming a character which really did not belong to him, when he made his application to Andrew Treverton; and he felt that he could personally venture no further in the affair, either by expressing an opinion or giving any advice, now that it had assumed such a totally new aspect. He felt quite sure that his young friends would arrive at the wise and the right decision, after they had maturely considered the matter in all its bearings. In that conviction, he had instructed his man of business not to stir in the affair until he had heard from Mr. Frankland, and to be guided entirely by any directions which that gentleman might give.

"Directions!" exclaimed Rosamond, crumpling up the letter in a high state of excitement as soon as she had read to the end of it. "All the directions we have to give may be written in a minute and read in a second! What in the world does the vicar mean by talking about mature consideration? Of course," cried Rosamond, looking, womanlike, straight on to the purpose she had in view, without wasting a thought on the means by which it was achieved—"of course we give the man his five pound note and get the plan by return of post!"

Mr. Frankland shook his head gravely. "Quite impossible," he said. "If you think for a moment, my dear, you will surely see that it is out of the question to traffic with a servant for information that has been surreptitiously obtained from his master's library."

"O, dear! dear! don't say that!" pleaded Rosamond, looking quite aghast at the view her husband took of the matter. "What harm are we doing, if we give the man his five pounds? He has only made a copy of the Plan: he has not stolen anything."

"He has stolen information, according to my idea of it," said Leonard.

"Well, but if he has," persisted Rosamond, "what harm does it do to his master? In my opinion his master deserves to have the information stolen, for not having had the common politeness to send it to the vicar. We must have the Plan—" O, Lenny, don't shake your head, please!—we must have it, you know we must! What is the use of being scrupulous with an old wretch (I must call him so, though he *is* my uncle), who won't conform to the commonest usages of society? You can't deal with him—and I am sure the vicar would say so, if he was here—as you would with civilized people, or people in their senses, which everybody says he is not. What use is the Plan of the north rooms to him? And, besides, if it is of any use, he has got the original; so his information is not stolen, after all, because he has got it the whole time—has he not, dear?"

"Rosamond! Rosamond!" said Leonard, smiling at his wife's transparent sophistries, "you are trying to reason like a Jesuit."

"I don't care who I reason like, love, as long as I get the Plan."

Mr. Frankland still shook his head. Finding her arguments of no avail, Rosamond wisely resorted to the immemorial weapon of her sex—Persuasion; using it at such close quarters and to such good purpose, that she finally won her husband's reluctant consent to a species of compromise which granted her leave to give directions for purchasing the copied plan, on one condition. This condition was, that they should send back the plan to Mr. Treverton as soon as it had served their purpose; making a full acknowledgment to him of the manner in which it had been obtained, and pleading in justification of the proceeding his own want of courtesy in withholding information of no consequence in itself, which any one else in his place would have communicated as a matter of course. Rosamond tried hard to obtain the withdrawal, or modification, of this condition; but her husband's sensitive pride was not to be touched, on that point, with impunity, even by her light hand. "I have done too much violence already to my own convictions," he said, "and I will now do no more. If we are to degrade ourselves by dealing with this servant, let us at least prevent him from claiming us as his accomplices. Write in my name, Rosamond, to Doctor Chennery's man of business, and say that we are willing to purchase the transcribed Plan, on the condition that I have stated—which condition he will of course place before the servant in the plainest possible terms."

"And suppose the servant refuses to risk losing his place, which he must do if he accepts your condition?" said Rosamond, going rather reluctantly to the writing-table.

"Let us not worry ourselves, my dear, by supposing anything. Let us wait and hear what happens, and act accordingly. When you are ready, tell me, and I will dictate your letter on this occasion. I wish to make the vicar's man of business understand that we act as we do, knowing, in the first place, that Mr. Andrew Treverton cannot be dealt with according to the established usages of society; and knowing, in the second place, that the information which his servant offers to us is contained in an extract from a printed book, and is in no way, directly or indirectly, connected with Mr. Treverton's private affairs. Now that you have made me consent to this compromise, Rosamond, I must justify it as completely as possible to others as well as to myself."

Seeing that his resolution was firmly settled, Rosamond had tact enough to abstain from saying anything more. The letter was written exactly as Leonard dictated it. When it had been placed in the post-bag, and when the other letters of the morning had been read and answered, Mr. Frankland reminded his wife of the intention she had expressed at breakfast-time of visiting the north garden, and requested that she would take him there with her. He candidly acknowledged that, since he had been made acquainted with Doctor Chennery's letter, he would give five times the sum demanded by Shrowl for the copy of the Plan, if the Myrtle Room could be discovered, without assistance from any one, before the letter to the vicar's man of business was put into the post. Nothing would give him so much pleasure, he said, as to be able to throw it into the fire, and to send a plain refusal to treat for the Plan in its place.

They went into the north garden, and there Rosamond's own eyes convinced her that she had not the slightest chance of discovering any vestige of a myrtle-bed near any one of the windows. From the garden they returned to the house, and had the door opened that led into the north hall.

They were shown the place on the pavement where the keys had been found, and the place at the top of the first flight of stairs where Mrs. Jazeph had been discovered when the alarm was given. At Mr. Frankland's suggestion, the door of the room which immediately fronted this spot was opened. It presented a dreary spectacle of dust and dirt and dimness. Some old pictures were piled against one of the walls, some tattered chairs were heaped together in the middle of the floor, some broken china lay on the mantel-piece, and a rotten cabinet, cracked through from top to bottom, stood in one corner. These few relics of the furnishing and fittting-up of the room were all carefully examined, but nothing of the smallest importance—nothing tending in the remotest degree to clear up the mystery of the Myrtle Room—was discovered. Mr. Frankland next suggested that there might be marks of footsteps of the dusty floor of the landing, but nothing of the sort could be found. Matting had been laid down over the floor at some former period, and the surface, torn, ragged and rotten with age, was too uneven in every part to allow the dust to lie smoothly on it. Here and there, where there was a hole through to the boards of the landing, Mr. Frankland's servant thought he detected marks in the dust which might have been produced by the toe or the heel of a shoe; but these faint and doubtful indications lay yards and yards apart from each other, and to draw any conclusion of the slightest importance from them was simply and plainly impossible. After spending more than an hour in examining the north side of the house, Rosamond was obliged to confess that the servants were right when they predicted, on first opening the door into the hall, that she would discover nothing.

"The letter must go, Lenny," she said, when they returned to the breakfast-room.

"There is no help for it," answered her husband. "Send away the post-bag, and let us say no more about it."

The letter was despatched by that day's post. In the remote position of Porthgenna, and in the unfinished state of the railroad at that time, two days would elapse before an answer from London could be reasonably hoped for. Feeling that it would be better for Rosamond if this period of suspense was passed out of the house, Mr. Frankland proposed to fill up the time by a little excursion along the coast to some places famous for their scenery, which would be likely to interest his wife, and which she might occupy herself pleasantly in describing on the spot for the benefit of her blind husband. This suggestion was immediately acted on. The young couple left Porthgenna, and only returned on the evening of the second day.

On the morning of the third day, the longed-for letter from the vicar's man of business lay on the table when Leonard and Rosamond entered the breakfast-room. Shrowl had decided to accept Mr. Frankland's condition—first, because he held that any man must be out of his senses who refused a five-pound note when it was offered to him; secondly, because he believed that his master was too absolutely dependent on him to turn him away for any cause whatever. Accordingly, the bargain had been struck in five minutes—and there was the copy of the Plan, enclosed with the letter of explanation to attest the fact!

Rosamond spread the all-important document out on the table with trembling hands, looked it over eagerly for a few moments, and laid her finger on the square that represented the position of the Myrtle Room. "Here it is!" she cried. "O, Lenny, how my heart beats! One, two, three, four—the fourth door on the first floor landing is the door of the Myrtle Room!"

She would have called at once for the keys of the north rooms; but her husband insisted on her waiting until she had composed herself a little, and until she had taken some breakfast. In spite of all he could say, the meal was hurried over so rapidly, that in ten minutes more his wife's arm was in his, and she was leading him to the staircase.

The gardener's prognostication about the weather had been verified: it had turned to heat—heavy, misty, vaporous, dull heat. One white quivering fog-cloud spread thinly over all the heavens, rolled down seaward on the horizon line, and dulled the sharp edge of the distant moorland view. The sunlight shone pale and trembling; the lightest, highest leaves of flowers at open windows were still; the domestic animals lay about sleepily in dark corners. Chance household noises sounded heavy and loud in the languid airless stillness which the heat seemed to hold over the whole earth. Down in the servants' hall, the usual bustle of morning was suspended. When Rosamond looked in, on her way to the housekeeper's room to get the keys, the women were fanning themselves, and the men were sitting with their coats off. They were all talking peevishly about the heat, and all agreeing that such a day as that, in the month of June, they had never known and never heard of before.

Rosamond took the keys, declined the housekeeper's offer to accompany her, and, leading her husband along the passages, unlocked the door of the north hall.

"How unnaturally cool it is here!" she said, as they entered the deserted place.

At the foot of the stairs she stopped, and took a firmer hold of her husband's arm.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Leonard. "Is the change to the damp coolness of this place affecting you in any way?"

"No, no," she answered hastily. "I am far too excited to feel either heat or damp, as I might feel them at other times. But, Lenny, supposing your guess about Mrs. Jazeph is right?——"

"Yes?"

"And, supposing we discover the secret of the Myrtle Room, might it not turn out to be something concerning my father and my mother which we ought not to know? I thought of that, when Mrs. Pentreath offered to accompany us, and it determined me to come here alone with you."

"It is just as likely that the secret might be something we ought to know," replied Mr. Frankland, after a moment's thought. "In any case, my idea about Mrs. Jazeph is, after all, only a guess in the dark. However, Rosamond, if you feel any hesitation——"

"No! come what may of it, Lenny, we can't go back now. Give me your hand again. We have traced the mystery thus far, together; and together we will find it out."

She ascended the staircase, leading him after her, as she spoke. On the landing, she looked again at the Plan, and satisfied herself that the first impression she had derived from it, of the position of the Myrtle Room, was correct. She counted the doors on to the fourth, and looked out from the bunch the key numbered "4," and put it into the lock.

Before she turned it she paused, and looked round at her husband.

He was standing by her side, with his patient face turned expectantly towards the door. She put her right hand on the key, turned it slowly in the lock, drew him closer to her with her left hand, and paused again.

"I don't know what has come to me," she whispered faintly. "I feel as if I was afraid to push open the door."

"Your hand is cold, Rosamond. Wait a little—lock the door again—put it off till another day."

He felt his wife's fingers close tighter and tighter on his hand, while he said those words. Then there was an instant—one memorable, breathless instant, never to be forgotten afterwards—of utter silence. Then he heard the sharp, cracking sound of the opening door, and felt himself drawn forward suddenly into a changed atmosphere, and knew that Rosamond and he were in the Myrtle Room.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST. THE MYRTLE ROOM.

A BROAD, square window, with small panes and dark sashes; dreary yellow light, glimmering through the dirt of half a century, crusted on the glass; purer rays striking across the dimness through the fissures of three broken panes; dust floating upward, pouring downward, rolling smoothly round and round in the still atmosphere; lofty, bare, faded red walls; chairs in confusion, tables placed awry; a tall black bookcase with an open door half dropping from its hinges; a pedestal, with a broken bust lying in fragments at its feet; a ceiling darkened by stains, a floor whitened by dust; such was the aspect of the Myrtle Room when Rosamond first entered it, leading her husband by the hand.

After passing the doorway, she slowly advanced a few steps, and then stopped, waiting with every sense on the watch, with every faculty strung up to the highest pitch of expectation—waiting in the ominous stillness, in the forlorn solitude, for the vague Something which the room might contain, which might rise visibly before her, which might sound audibly behind her, which might touch her on a sudden from above, from below, from either side. A minute, or more, she breathlessly waited; and nothing appeared, nothing sounded, nothing touched her. The silence and the solitude had their secret to keep, and kept it.

She looked round at her husband. His face, so quiet and composed at other times, expressed doubt and uneasiness now. His disengaged hand was outstretched, and moving backwards and forwards and up and down, in the vain attempt to touch something which might enable him to guess at the position in which he was placed. His look and action, as he stood in that new and strange sphere, the mute appeal that he made so sadly and so unconsciously to his wife's loving help, restored Rosamond's self-possession by recalling her heart to the dearest of all its interests, to the holiest of all its cares. Her eyes, fixed so distrustfully, but the moment before, on the dreary spectacle of neglect and ruin which spread around them, turned fondly to her husband's face, radiant with the unfathomable brightness of pity and love. She bent quickly across him, caught his outstretched arm, and pressed it to his side.

"Don't do that, darling," she said, gently; "I don't like to see it. It looks as if you had forgotten that I was with you—as if you were left alone and helpless. What need have you of your sense of touch, when you have got me? Did you hear me open the door, Lenny? Do you know that we are in the Myrtle Room?"

"What did you see, Rosamond, when you opened the door? What do you see now?" He asked those questions rapidly and eagerly in a whisper.

"Nothing but dust and dirt and desolation. The loneliest room in Cornwall is not so lonely-looking as this room; but there is nothing to alarm us, nothing (except one's own fancy) that suggests an idea of danger of any kind."

"What made you so long before you spoke to me, Rosamond?"

"I was frightened, love, on first entering the room—not at what I saw, but at my own fanciful ideas of what I might see. I was child enough to be afraid of something starting out of the walls, or of something rising through the floor; in short, of I hardly know what. I have got over those fears, Lenny, but a certain distrust of the room still clings to me. Do you feel it?"

"I feel something like it," he replied uneasily. "I feel as if the night that is always before my eyes was darker to me in this place than in any other. Where are we standing now?"

"Just inside the door."

"Does the floor look safe to walk on?" He tried it suspiciously with his foot as he put the question.

"Quite safe," replied Rosamond. "It would never support the furniture that is on it, if it was so rotten as to be dangerous. Come across the room with me, and try it." With those words she led him slowly to the window.

"The air seems as if it was nearer to me, he said, bending his face forward towards the lowest of the broken panes. "What is before us now?"

She told him, describing minutely the size and appearance of the window. He turned from it carelessly, as if that part of the room had no interest for him. Rosamond still lingered near the window to try if she could feel a breath of the outer atmosphere. There was a momentary silence, which was broken by her husband.

"What are you doing now?" he asked anxiously.

"I am looking out at one of the broken panes of glass, and trying to get some air," answered Rosamond. "The shadow of the house is below me, resting on the lonely garden; but there is no coolness breathing up from it. I see the tall weeds rising straight and still, and the tangled wild-flowers interlacing themselves heavily. There is a tree near me, and the leaves look as if they were all struck motionless. Away to the left, there is a peep of white sea and tawny sand quivering in the yellow heat. There are no clouds; there is no blue sky. The mist quenches the brightness of the sunlight, and lets nothing but the fire of it through. There is something threatening in the sky, and the earth seems to know it!"

"But the room! the room!" said Leonard, drawing her aside from the window. "Never mind the view; tell me what the room is like, exactly what it is like. I shall not feel easy about you, Rosamond, if you don't describe everything to me just as it is."

"My darling! You know you can depend on my describing everything. I am only doubting where to begin, and how to make sure of seeing for you, what you are most likely to think most worth looking at. Here is an old ottoman against the wall—the wall where the window is. I will take off my apron, and dust the seat for you; and then you can sit down, and listen comfortably, while I tell you, before we think of anything else, what the room is like, to begin with. First of all, I suppose, I must make you understand how large it is?"

"Yes, that is the first thing. Try if you can compare it with any room that I was familiar with, before I lost my sight."

Rosamond looked backwards and forwards, from wall to wall—then went to the fire-place, and walked slowly down the length of the room, counting her steps. Pacing over the dusty floor with a dainty regularity and a childish satisfaction in looking down at the gay pink rosettes on her morning shoes; holding up her crisp, bright muslin dress out of the dirt, and showing the fanciful embroidery of her petticoat, and the glossy stockings that fitted her little feet and ankles like a second skin, she moved through the dreariness, the desolation, the dingy ruin of the scene around her, the most charming living contrast to its dead gloom that youth, health and beauty could present.

Arrived at the bottom of the room, she reflected a little, and said to her husband:

"Do you remember the blue drawing-room, Lenny, in your father's house at Long Beckley? I think this room is quite as large, if not larger."

"What are the walls like?" asked Leonard, placing his hand on the wall behind him while he spoke. "They are covered with paper, are they not?"

"Yes; with faded red paper, except on one side, where strips have been torn off and thrown on the floor. There is wainscoting round the walls. It is cracked in many places, and has ragged holes in it, which seem to have been made by the rats and mice."

"Are there any pictures on the walls?"

"No. There is an empty frame over the fire-place. And, opposite—I mean just above where I am standing now—there is a small mirror, cracked in the centre, with broken branches for candlesticks projecting on either side of it. Above that, again, there is a stag's head and antlers; some of the face has dropped away, and a perfect maze of cobwebs is stretched between the horns. On the other walls there are large nails, with more cobwebs hanging down from them heavy with dirt—but no pictures anywhere. Now you know everything about the walls. What is the next thing? The floor?"

"I think, Rosamond, my feet have told me already what the floor is like."

"They may have told you that it is bare, dear; but I can tell you more than that. It slopes down from every side towards the middle of the room. It is covered thick with dust, which is swept about—I suppose by the wind blowing through the broken panes—into strange, wavy, feathery shapes that quite hide the floor beneath. Lenny! suppose these boards should be made to take up anywhere! If we discover nothing to-day, we will have them swept to-morrow. In the meantime, I must go on telling you about the room, must I not? You know already what the size of it is, what the window is like, what the walls are like, what the floor is like. Is there anything else before we come to the furniture? O, yes! the ceiling—for that completes the shell of the room. I can't see much of it, it is so high. There are great cracks and stains from one end to the other, and the plaster has come away in patches in some places. The centre ornament seems to be made of alternate rows of small plaster cabbages and large plaster lozenges. Two bits of chain hang down from the middle, which, I suppose, once held a chandelier. The cornice is so dingy that I can hardly tell what pattern it represents. It is very broad and heavy, and it looks in some places as if it had once been coloured, and that is all I can say about it. Do you feel as if you thoroughly understood the whole room now, Lenny?"

"Thoroughly, my love; I have the same clear picture of it in my mind which you always give me of everything you see. You need waste no more time on me. We may now devote ourselves to the purpose for which we came here."

At those last words, the smile which had been dawning on Rosamond's face when her husband addressed her vanished from it in a moment. She stole close to his side, and, bending down over him, with her arm on his shoulder, said, in low, whispering tones:

"When we had the other room opened, opposite the landing, we began by examining the furniture. We thought—if you remember—that the mystery of the Myrtle Room might be connected with hidden valuables that had been stolen, or hidden papers that ought to have been destroyed, or hidden stains and traces of some crime, which even a chair or a table might betray. Shall we examine the furniture here?"

"Is there much of it, Rosamond?"

"More than there was in the other room," she answered.

"More than you can examine in one morning?"

"No; I think not."

"Then begin with the furniture, if you have no better plan to propose. I am but a helpless adviser at such a crisis as this: I must leave the responsibilities of decision, after all, to rest on your shoulders. Yours are the eyes that look, and the hands that search; and, if the secret of Mrs. Jazeph's reason for warning you against entering this room is to be found by seeking in the room, *you* will find it——"

"And you will know it, Lenny, as soon as it is found. I won't hear you talk, love, as if there was any difference between us, or any superiority in my position over yours. Now, let me see. What shall I begin with? The tall bookcase opposite the window? or the dingy old writing-table, in the recess behind the fire-place? Those are the two largest pieces of furniture that I can see in the room."

"Begin with the book-case, my dear, as you seem to have noticed that first."

Rosamond advanced a few steps towards the book-case—then stopped, and looked aside suddenly to the lower end of the room.

"Lenny! I forgot one thing, when I was telling you about the walls," she said. "There are two doors in the room besides the door we came in at. They are both in the wall to the right, as I stand now with my back to the window. Each is at the same distance from the corner, and each is of the same size and appearance. Don't you think we ought to open them, and see where they lead to?"

"Certainly. But are the keys in the locks?"

Rosamond approached more closely to the doors, and answered in the affirmative.

"Open them, then," said Leonard. "Stop! not by yourself. Take me with you. I don't like the idea of sitting here, and leaving you to open those doors by yourself."

Rosamond retraced her steps to the place where he was sitting, and then led him with her to the door that was farthest from the window. "Suppose there should be some dreadful sight behind it!" she said, trembling a little, as she stretched out her hand for the key.

"Try to suppose (what is much more probable) that it only leads into another room," suggested Leonard.

Rosamond threw the door wide open, suddenly. Her husband was right. It merely led into the next room.

They passed on to the second door. "Can this one serve the same purpose as the other?" said Rosamond, slowly and distrustfully turning the key.

She opened it as she had opened the first door, put her head inside it for an instant, drew back, shuddering, and closed it again violently, with a faint exclamation of disgust. "Don't be alarmed, Lenny," she said, leading him away abruptly. "The door only opens on a large, empty cupboard. But there are quantities of horrible, crawling brown creatures about the wall inside. I have shut them in again in their darkness and their secresy; and now I am going to take you back to your seat, before we find out, next, what the book-case contains."

The door of the upper part of the book-case, hanging open and half-dropping from its hinges, showed the emptiness of the shelves on one side at a glance. The corresponding door, when Rosamond pulled it open, disclosed exactly the same spectacle of barenness on the other side. Over every shelf there spread the same dreary accumulation of dust and dirt, without the vestige of a book, without even a stray scrap of paper, lying anywhere in a corner to attract the eye, from top to bottom.

The lower portion of the book-case was divided into three cupboards. In the door of one of the three, the rusty key remained in the lock. Rosamond turned it with some difficulty, and looked into the cupboard. At the back of it were scattered a pack of playing cards, brown with dirt. A morsel of torn, tangled muslin lay among them, which, when Rosamond spread it out, proved to be the remains of a clergyman's band. In one corner she found a broken corkscrew, and the winch of a fishing-rod; in another, some stumps of tobacco pipes, a few old medicine bottles, and a dog's-eared pedlar's song-book. These were all the objects that the cupboard contained. After Rosamond had scrupulously described each one of them to her husband, just as she found it, she went on to the second cupboard. On trying the door, it turned out not to be locked. On looking inside, she discovered nothing but some pieces of blackened wool, and the remains of a jeweller's packing-case.

The third door was locked, but the rusty key from the first cupboard opened it. Inside, there was but one object—a small wooden box, banded round with a piece of tape, the two edges of which were fastened together by a seal. Rosamond's flagging interest rallied instantly at this discovery. She described the box to her husband, and asked if he thought she was justified in breaking the seal.

"Can you see anything written on the cover?" he inquired.

Rosamond carried the box to the window, blew the dust off the top of it, and read, on a parchment nailed to the cover: PAPERS. JOHN ARTHUR TREVERTON. 1760.

"I think you may take the responsibility of breaking the seal," said Leonard. "If those papers had been of any family importance, they could scarcely have been left forgotten in an old book-case by your father and his executors."

Rosamond broke the seal, then looked up doubtfully at her husband before she opened the box. "It seems a mere waste of time to look into this," she said. "How can a box that has not been opened since seventeen hundred and sixty help us to discover the mystery of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room?"

"But do we know that it has not been opened since then?" said Leonard. "Might not the tape and seal have been put round it by anybody at some more recent period of time? You can judge best, you can see if there is any inscription on the tape, or any signs to form an opinion by, upon the seal."

"The seal is a blank, Lenny, except that it has a flower like a Forget-me-not in the middle. I can see no mark of a pen on either side of the tape. Anybody in the world might have opened the box before me," she continued, forcing up the lid easily with her hands, "for the lock is no protection to it. The wood of the cover is so rotten that I have pulled the staple out, and left it sticking by itself in the lock below."

On examination, the box proved to be full of papers. At the top of the uppermost packet were written these words: "Election expenses. I won by four votes. Price fifty pounds each. J. A. Treverton." The next layer of papers had no inscription. Rosamond opened them, and read on the first leaf: "Birthday Ode. Respectfully addressed to the Mæcenas of modern times in his poetic retirement at Porthgenna." Below this production appeared a collection of old bills, old notes of invitation, old doctor's prescriptions, and old leaves of betting-books, tied together with a piece of whipcord. Last of all, there lay on the bottom of the box one thin leaf of paper, the visible side of which presented a perfect blank. Rosamond took it up, turned it to look at the other side, and saw some faint ink lines crosing each other in various directions, and having letters of the alphabet attached to them in certain places. She had made her husband acquainted with the contents of all the others papers, as a matter of course; and when she had described this last paper to him, he explained to her that the lines and letters represented a mathematical problem.

"The book-case tells us nothing," said Rosamond, slowly putting the papers back in the box. "Shall we try the writing-table by the fire-place, next?"

"What does it look like, Rosamond?"

"It has two rows of drawers down each side; and the whole top is made in an odd, old-fashioned way to slope upwards, like a very large writing-desk."

"Does the top open?"

Rosamond went to the table, examined it narrowly, and then tried to raise the top. "It is made to open, for I see the keyhole," she said. "But it is locked. And all the drawers," she continued, trying one after another, "are locked too."

"Is there no key in any of them?" asked Leonard.

"Not a sign of one. But the top feels so loose that I really think it might be forced open—as I forced the little box open just now—by a pair of stronger hands than I can boast of. Let me take you to the table, dear; it may give way to your strength, though it will not to mine."

She placed her husband's hands carefully under the ledge formed by the overhanging top of the table. He exerted his whole strength to force it up; but, in this case, the wood was sound, the lock held, and all his efforts were in vain.

"Must we send for a locksmith?" asked Rosamond, with a look of disappointment.

"If the table is of any value, we must," returned her husband. "If not, a screw-driver and a hammer will open both the top and the drawers, in anybody's hands."

"In that case, Lenny, I wish we had brought them with us when we came into the room; for the only value of the table lies in the secrets that it may be hiding from us. I shall not feel satisfied until you and I know what there is inside of it."

While saying these words, she took her husband's hand to lead him back to his seat. As they passed before the fire-place, he stepped upon the bare stone hearth; and, feeling some new substance under his feet, instinctively stretched out the hand that was free. It touched a marble tablet, with figures on it in basso-relievo, which had been let into the middle of the chimney-piece. He stopped immediately, and asked what the object was that his fingers had accidently touched.

"A piece of sculpture," said Rosamond. "I did not notice it before. It is not very large, and not particularly attractive, according to my taste. So far as I can tell, it seems to be intended to represent——"

"Leonard stopped her before she could say any more. "Let me try, for once, if I can't make a discovery for myself," he said, a little impatiently. "Let me try if my fingers won't tell me what this sculpture is meant to represent."

He passed his hands carefully over the basso-relievo (Rosamond watching their slightest movement with silent interest, the while), considered a little, and said:

"Is there not a figure of a man sitting down, in the right hand corner? And are there not rocks and trees, very stiffly done, high up, at the left hand side?"

Rosamond looked at him tenderly, and smiled. "My poor dear!" she said. "Your man sitting down is, in reality, a miniature copy of the famous ancient statue of Niobe and her child; your rocks are marble imitations of clouds, and your stiffly done trees are arrows darting out from some invisible Jupiter or Apollo, or other heathen god. Ah, Lenny, Lenny! you can't trust your touch, love, as you can trust *me*?"

A momentary shade of vexation passed across his face; but it vanished the instant she took his hand again, to lead him back to his seat! He drew her to him gently, and kissed her cheek. "You are right, Rosamond," he said. "The one faithful friend to me in my blindness, who never fails, is my wife."

Seeing him look a little saddened, and feeling, with the quick intuition of a woman's affection, that he was thinking of the days when he had enjoyed the blessing of sight, Rosamond turned abruptly, as soon as she saw him seated once more on the ottoman, to the subject of the Myrtle Room.

"Where shall I look next, dear?" she said. "The bookcase we have examined. The writing-table we must wait to examine. What else is there, that has a cupboard or a drawer in it?" She looked round her in perplexity: then walked away towards the part of the room to which her attention had been last drawn—the part where the fire-place was situated.

"I thought I noticed something here, Lenny, when I passed just now with you," she said, approaching the second recess behind the mantelpiece, corresponding with the recess in which the writing-table stood.

She looked into the place closely, and detected in a corner, darkened by the shadow of the heavy projecting mantelpiece, a narrow, ricketty little table, made of the commonest mahogany—the frailest, poorest, least conspicuous piece of furniture in the whole room. She pushed it out contemptuously into the light with her foot. It ran on clumsy old-fashioned castors, and creaked wearily as it moved.

"Lenny, I have found another table," said Rosamond. "A miserable, forlorn-looking thing, lost in a corner. I have just pushed it into the light, and I have discovered one drawer in it." She paused, and tried to open the drawer; but it resisted her. "Another lock!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Even this wretched thing is closed against us!"

She pushed the table sharply away with her hand. It swayed on its frail legs, tottered, and fell over on the floor—fell as heavily as a table of twice its size—fell with a shock that rang through the room, and repeated itself again and again in the echoes of the lonesome north hall.

Rosamond ran to her husband, seeing him start from his seat in alarm, and told him what had happened. "You called it a little table," he replied, in astonishment. "It fell like one of the largest pieces of furniture in the room!"

"Surely there must have been something heavy in the drawer!" said Rosamond, approaching the table with her spirits still fluttered by the shock of its unnaturally heavy fall. After waiting for a few moments to give the dust which it had raised, and which still hung over it in thick lazy clouds, time to disperse, she stooped down and examined it. It was cracked across the top from end to end, and the lock had been broken away from its fastenings by the fall.

She set the table up again carefully, drew out the drawer, and, after a glance at its contents, turned to her husband. "I knew it," she said. "I knew there must have been something heavy in the drawer. It is full of pieces of copper-ore, like those specimens of my father's, Lenny, from Porthgenna mine? Wait! I think I feel something else, as far away